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## NEW-TESTAMENT VIEWS OF IMMORTALITY.

MR. ALGER's work on the future life,\* briefly noticed in our last number, will call attention anew to the momentous themes of which it treats. It has all the more value for not being a denominational work. It is thoroughly honest; and, for that reason, will unquestionably encounter much ill-natured criticism among those whose traditional beliefs are disturbed. Mr. Alger should be content with this, knowing how tenaciously the most heathenish superstitions are clung to; how they become sanctified to the believer; and how much of discussion and conflict we must yet go through, before religious faith is purged of its errors.

A *critical* history of the doctrine of a future life, in order to be exhaustive and complete, should show a progress of ideas, separating the chaff from the wheat, and giving us, as the result of the whole survey, the true doctrine of immortality, clear, positive, and sufficing. It should not proceed from that which is more positive to that which is less. Six thousand years of thinking and believing on this subject should bring us to some rational apprehension touching the

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\* A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life, with a complete Bibliography of the Subject. By WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. Philadelphia: George W. Childs.

destiny of man beyond the grave. The age is yearning for realities. Two millions of spiritualists, who now "conjure eternity as men constrain a ghost to appear and answer," are the melancholy evidence to what extent the common mind has been balked and baffled, and how the Church fails to satisfy its hunger for tidings of immortality.

Mr. Alger's historic survey is admirable. If he had only given us "Part Second," which is a history of extra Christian opinions and conceptions, it would alone be worth his long and patient investigations. This, with Mr. Abbot's "Complete Bibliography" appended, will be indispensable to inquirers who shall succeed him. But his constructive and eliminating process leaves much to be desired. That he has failed to bring out, in any thing of its warmth and fulness, the New-Testament doctrine of the resurrection and the future life, we think will be felt by most of his readers.

The Hebrew conception of the universe separates it into three grand divisions, — Heaven, the Earth, and the Underworld (called *Sheol*, or, in Greek, Hades). All these were localized in natural space. The Earth was a broad, flat surface; Heaven was vertically overhead, beyond the stars and the blue arch, — the abode only of God and his angels; Hades was beneath the earth, — a slumberous and dusky realm, into which the souls of all men enter when they die. There they were to remain till the day of judgment; not, however, in the same condition in regard to happiness. The later Rabbins discriminate, giving Hades three compartments, — Paradise, which was a subterranean place of comparative ghostly comfort, where the souls of the righteous dead were assembled; then a Limbo of darkness, where the wicked are confined; and lastly Geenna, or a place of penal fires, the lowest part of Hades, — not to be occupied, however, until after the resurrection and the judgment-day. The Messiah was to descend from the Overworld with his angels; the trumpet would sound, and the dead be raised from the Underworld. Then the wicked would be thrust down into Geenna, there to burn in everlasting fire; the righteous would be raised from their subterranean Paradise, be clothed with

their former bodies, and be placed in a terrestrial Paradise on the surface of the renovated earth, among whom the Messiah would dwell in millennial glory. Such was the belief of the Pharisees, the dominant Jewish sect at the time of Christ. These ideas, however, are not all of Jewish origin. The re-clothing of the dead in their old fleshly bodies is a notion borrowed from the Zoroastrian religion, and brought back by the Jews from their captivity.

This scheme of the universe, and of human destiny, Mr. Alger supposes the Christian apostles to have retained, and mingled with the teachings of Christ. Hence a composite system, which may be stated thus:—

Christ descended from the overworld, was born upon the earth, lived and died, that he might descend into Hades, and liberate the captives held there. Before his advent, all alike must go down at death into the underworld, in consequence of Adam's sin and hereditary evil. There they were held by Satan, the Prince of Hades. But Christ went down there, encountered Satan, and broke his power, and thence ascended into heaven in triumph, making an open pathway between the under and the over world. The power of his death and resurrection lies in a dramatic exhibition of the fact, that such an open pathway is now effected. It is the pledge and promise, that all the good who had been kept in Hades can now follow him into heaven; and that, to his own followers, the descent into it would no longer be necessary. He was to come again from heaven. The apostles expected his literal descent in their own life-time, attended by his angels. Then a trump would be blown, the dead would come up from the underworld, the Christians then alive would be changed without going into Hades, the earth would be renovated, and the saints reign with Christ upon it; but the wicked would be remanded to punishment in the underworld, according to the Apocalypse, in a lake of fire. The death of Christ is efficacious, as the apostles conceived, only as it introduced Christ into Hades, where he conquered Satan, and set free the captives. His resurrection is not designed as the proof of man's immortality, but as proof that man can rise to heaven,

since Christ went up thither, the first who had ever died, and rose out of Hades. Such, with some variations on minor points, are the ideas, so Mr. Alger thinks, of John, Paul, Peter, and the writer of the Apocalypse, who superinduced their Judaism upon the pure Christian revelation. His exegesis is very elaborate and exhaustive, made evidently with the desire and purpose to find what the writers mean, and not to color their meaning with his own conceptions.

The field here opened is one of intense interest. We will not attempt to follow Mr. Alger, though differing altogether from him in our views of the New-Testament pneumatology. Briefly as our space allows, we raise the inquiry, What is the New-Testament doctrine of immortality?

Is the apostolic representation of heaven and hell that of Jewish and heathen localities in material space?

The chief evidence of this is found in the fact, that the New-Testament writers use words, which, *interpreted etymologically*, have their roots in the natural world. Heaven is something *heaved* or arched over us, or, in the Greek, that which is to be seen by looking upward; Hades is a place without light; and Geenna is a valley of abomination, where fires are kept burning. Such are the roots of the language which describes the state of the redeemed and of the lost. It was not only the popular language at the time of Christ, but it is the popular language of all nations and ages. It is impossible to describe spiritual things, or even to conceive of them, without a material ground. No preacher at this day can discourse half an hour, without using exactly the terms, or their correlates, which both Jews and Greek used two thousand years ago. We speak of heaven, and look upward; we speak of hell, and look downward; we talk of the infernal world, which means, etymologically, a world under ground. Not only so: all the words which we use to represent the soul and its operations strike their roots into material nature. The spirit itself is a breath of air; the Holy Spirit, a sacred wind; right is straight, wrong is crooked; to be sincere is to be without specks; to be delirious is to get out of the furrow; and so on without limit. Indeed, the grandest ministry of



this material world, with its heights of splendor and beauty, and its gulfs of darkness and desolation, its healthful growths and its deadly poisons, is to furnish the soul with a language, or to spread out before it a dial-plate, over which the realities of a spiritual world may fling their awful shadows. Some imagine that only rude and ignorant people need such a language: when we become refined and spiritualized, we shall drop it. The truth is, when we cease to use it, we shall cease to have any conceptions whatever of spiritual things, and sink into stark atheism and bestiality; for not only is it impossible to speak of heaven or hell, but even to think of them, without the habiliments of sense to give the thought a body and robe.

When, therefore, the New-Testament writers used the current language of their times to represent the spiritual world, *οὐρανός, ἄδης, γέεννα*, they did precisely what all writers must do, if they would avoid vague and unmeaning generalization. The words and their correlates represent the same imagery in all the languages of the earth, and that by the inevitable necessities of the human mind. Very true, we should expect, after the Christian revelation, that they would be burdened with new meaning. But that the apostles rested in the mere letter, making heaven a *locale* above the clouds, and Hades a place under ground, just because the Jews had done the same, we do not see the shadow of evidence. Indeed, the better and more advanced Jewish mind, as well as Greek, rose above the letter into the spiritual meaning which this imagery shadows forth. There is abundant evidence of this both in Plato and Philo. It is the same in all religions. Grosser minds will stick fast in the letter, and never rise above the plane of Nature. As they become more elevated and enlightened, they will rise out of the letter, using natural things as the stairs on which to ascend to the truths which transcend the senses. There is a very wise and beautiful provision in all this. Better to rest in a sensuous faith than to fall into blank unbelief. Multitudes of Christians, to this day, believe that heaven and hell are localities in space; that the resurrection is the re-animation of dead bodies; and that

the second coming of Christ will be a visible descent from the clouds. They would be entirely afloat unless their thoughts had these places of rest. There are momentous truths preserved to them under these rude envelopes, which, as their regeneration advances, will break from their hard coverings in celestial beauty. But, even now, better minds of the same creed see something more than the sensuous imagery; and it has been so from the beginning of time.

Our Saviour uses the same words and employs the same figures, to adumbrate a spiritual world, that his apostles use. The word heaven (*ouranos*) occurs over a hundred times in the four Gospels, mostly in the discourses of our Saviour. He uses the word Geenna seven times, and the word Hades three times; and very often he employs the imagery which they represent, where the terms themselves do not occur. Yet no one supposes that either the Jewish overworld or underworld was present to his thought: as they pass into his speech, they become the picture-language which paints the peace and the bliss of the redeemed, and the unrest and desolation of the lost, whether now and here, or in their separate and eternal abodes hereafter.

Unless there is something in the connection to forbid it, we are bound to suppose that his disciples use the words with the same significance. Especially should we suppose that John, who was drawn up into his most familiar thought, and Paul, who was set apart by supernatural illumination, would not misunderstand him on a point, which, more than any other, distinguishes the new spiritual religion from the old Jewish and heathen superstitions.

But not only there is nothing to forbid, but almost every thing to compel, the belief that the disciples use these symbolic words as the Master had used them. They had been brought, by a most remarkable experience, to an open vision and audience of that spiritual world which the Hebrew imagery had shadowed forth. From beginning to end, the New Testament is a continuous angelophany. Attesting voices from heaven broke along the path of the Saviour. Angels hymned his advent: they are the most prominent figures at

the resurrection-scene. Moreover, the disciples had both conscious and visible communion with Christ after his ascension and from his glorified state. Paul was arrested, and his Pharisaism melted out of him, by the risen Lord, — revealed not to the bodily eye, but to the soul opening within. He received from him, so he avers, the history and meaning of the Last Supper, though he never saw Christ in the flesh. Paul says he was caught up himself into the third or highest heaven, and saw its objective realities, which were indescribable. Indeed, this one fact appears continuously all through the history of the nascent Christian Church, — that its inmost consciousness was pervaded through and through with a sense of the divine and heavenly presence, and that they had not so much a faith in immortality as a visible realization of its scenic glories.

If these men, who not only believed in a spiritual world, but who lived in it as perhaps none since have ever done; whose consciousness was exalted into open perception of its realities, yet stuck in the mechanical notion, that it was a *locale* to be entered by locomotion, — they must have been the most stolid and hopeless of all learners. Unquestionably they expected a second visible appearing of Christ in their own lifetime; but that they rested in the Jewish topography of the universe, immersed in its materialism, we do not see the shadow of evidence, unless we except a single text of St. Paul,\* which admits of obvious and easy explanation. On the other hand, the evidence to our mind is overwhelming, that in their thought and speech, as in the thought and speech of the Master, the transcendent truths are most graphically presented, for which the Jewish and heathen overworld and underworld furnished the picture-language, the canvas-ground, so to say, on which could best be painted, not only to that age, but to all ages, the scenes of eternity towards which our earthly probation urges us, — the long, upward perspective dissolving in the heights of glory, and the downward paths into the caverns and the unclean fires;

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\* 1 Thess. iv. 17.

a heaven not higher up in space, but higher up in the degrees of spiritual life; and a hell down towards the nadir of perverted and degraded faculties, — to be entered, not by travelling, but by spiritual assimilation; and to one or the other of which, death is only the open gate and the visible entrance.

The evidence is even more definite, had we space for textual exegesis. If the New-Testament writers were swamped in the Jewish naturalism, believing that heaven was a place vertically overhead, to be entered by locomotion, and not by introversion, how comes it, that, when they describe a vision of it or its denizens, they do not use words which only indicate natural sight? The words *ὁπτινή* and *εἶδος* denote objects of natural sight, and only in a secondary sense things seen by the mind. But the word *ὀπτασι* is specially appropriated to visions manifest only to the spiritual eye and to supersensual scenery. This is the very word which Paul selects to describe his perception of the glorified Christ and of the heavens vouchsafed to his higher senses.\* If he had been stolid enough to suppose that Christ came down to him from the blue dome over his head, or that he himself had taken a flight through natural space beyond the clouds and back again, he would have described these exploits by terms which hold us to the material plane, and not by those which take us clean beyond it into the realm which lies out of space and out of time. Luke employs the same word to describe the angelophanies at the resurrection of Christ;† and the writer of the Apocalypse is careful to tell us in the introductory sentence, that what he saw was *ἐν πνεύματι*, *in spirit*, as if to put us right at the beginning, and indicate that he is to describe things, not on the plane of natural sense, but entirely above it, and in a supersensual world.

But we come to another truth involved in the apostolic scheme of doctrine, which Mr. Alger leaves out almost entirely, but which nevertheless, in the New Testament, stands in the foreground, and nearly hides the others in its splendor. It is very true that the resurrection of Christ

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\* Acts xxvi. 19; 2 Cor. xii. 1.

† Luke xxiv. 23.

was not a proof, to the early Church, of a future life. They needed none; for that life had opened down into their consciousness, turning faith even to vision. Neither was it a dramatic exhibition to them of the fact that the saints were to rise out of Hades, or that men were no more to enter it at death. How could they reason so poorly as to infer, that merely because Christ, who was divine and sinless, had risen out of Hades into heaven, men wholly unlike him, burdened with hereditary evil and actual guilt, therefore must? And why must Christ be born upon the earth, and die, merely to get into Hades and despoil Satan, when Satan got there through no such circuit? The grand apostolic idea involved in the resurrection of Christ is, that thereby he was installed into the headship of his Church, and became its life and inspiration for ever. The veil of flesh separated him from his disciples, and he could only lodge truth in their memories which they did not even understand. They needed, — what indeed human nature needs, — not only truth, but the transfusion of divine grace. Through temptation, suffering, trial, death, and resurrection, taking all the woes and wants of man up into his consciousness, he passed up to the right hand of Power, thence to come nearer to men on the spiritual side, as the renewing and transforming energy. THE PROCESSION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT THROUGH THE GLORIFIED SAVIOUR, ever present in the Church and operating within the Christian consciousness, is involved in the apostolic doctrine of the resurrection. We might as well describe the solar system, and leave out the sun, as to leave out this from the New-Testament plan of salvation. Christ promised it, and all Christian history fulfils the promise. "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come; but, if I depart, I will send him." "All power is given me both in heaven and earth;" and, "Lo, I am with you alway." Herein was "the power of his resurrection," by which was understood neither the re-animation of his crucified body, nor his opening a local pathway out of Hades, but his exaltation to mediatorial power and grace; so that God was no longer the Jewish King withdrawn in the awful heights of eternity,

and ruling by law, but in Christ was brought near to our humanity, yielding himself to it with plastic energy, and sweeping it with Pentecostal gales. That these promises were no figures of speech, only to be taken "in a sense," the fulfilment abundantly shows. The scene of Pentecost was merely the beginning. "Being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Spirit, HE HATH SHED FORTH THIS WHICH YE NOW SEE AND HEAR." Paul was not only converted by the risen Christ, but illumined by him, and lived in his inspiring and directing energy. And this was to be not the abnormal, but permanent state of the Church. "Wherefore it is written, When he went up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men. Now, that word, He went up, what saith it, but that he first came down to Hades, that is, among the dead? Yea, he who came down is the same who has gone up, far above all the heavens, THAT HE MIGHT FILL ALL THINGS. From whom the whole body, the Church, being knit together and compacted in all its joints, derives its continued growth in the working of his bounty, which supplies its needs according to the measure of each several part, that it may build itself up in love."\*

We shall find in the history of the Church a prolonged strain of this apostolic music. Not only men on earth, but all Hades (that is, the whole community of departed souls), were to be receptive of this new mediatorial grace; for "things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth" (that is, Hades), include, in the apostle's summing-up, the whole universe. He does not mean evidently that Christ had gone into Hades, and mechanically made a way out of it for his people. He means, that through him the new procession of mediatorial power and grace should reach all receptive souls, and mould them to the divine image. Wherefore Irenæus and Origen, inspired with the thought, enlarge upon it delightfully. Both held the notion, universal in the early Church, of Christ's descent into Hades to free the

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\* Eph. iv. 8-16.

captives of Satan,—the rude husk, unquestionably, of a momentous truth. But this was the negative side of the Atonement. Turning to the positive side, it is, says Irenæus, the divine principle of life, of which we are made partakers in the divine humanity of Jesus Christ renewing us, and restoring the lost image of God in our souls. And Origen takes up the doctrine of Paul, and follows out the thought in this sublime strain: "Therefore has the atonement-offering made here upon the earth an efficacy which extends to the whole universe. Since not only men, but higher spirits, are not clean before God, Christ is the great High Priest who restores all things in the realm of the Father; and he takes care that all deficiency in every created being shall be complemented in him, and for this he is endowed with Lordship from the Father. Since every thing which outside of God is separated and turned from him, so is the Christ the grand means of making them at one with him."\*

We are transcending our limits; but it would be easy to show, at much greater length, how the early Christian consciousness was steeped in this truth involved in the resurrection of Christ. It was the risen and glorified brought nearer the soul as an incumbent power, and creating a new world within of hope and faith and love. Every sect which fell away from this consciousness waned and died. Yea, so it has been in all subsequent times. We are much mistaken if this be not the truth, for want of which, in its full-orbed power and brightness, our Unitarian churches languish.

We have taken Mr. Alger's chapters as starting-places, and find we have diverged widely from his trains of thought. None the less we appreciate the ability, learning, and candor with which, from his own view-point, he has made his exposition. His work will be valuable not less to those who may reject his conclusions than to those who may receive them, as it affords such abundant means and facilities for independent inquiry. We had noted two other points, which we must pass over briefly. His explanation of the prologue of John's

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\* See Baur, *Versöhnung*, pp. 39, 65.

Gospel lands the old apostle in blank Ditheism. The Logos is a separate being from the Father, a sort of sub-Deity, or Demiurgus, introduced from Philo. Herein Mr. Alger differs from the best scholars, heretic and orthodox, — from Norton, who makes the Logos only a personification; from Baur, who makes it assert a distinction in the Divine Nature, without abnegating the Unity; from Neander, Tholuck, and Dorner, who take the Orthodox view, — the last of whom, in his great work on “the Person of Christ,” is very positive that Philo did not hypostatize the Logos. In the chapter on Swedenborg, Mr. Alger fails to grasp Swedenborg’s leading idea, that, in fact, which is the key to his whole system, and, as we regard it, the chief contribution which he has made to the science of pneumatology. But we must stop here, though these topics invite us into fields of absorbing interest; thanking Mr. Alger for these nine hundred pages of solid matter, whether as ground for agreement or dissent.

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## HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

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“WAS MEIN GOTT WILL, GESCHEH’ ALL’ZEIT.”

COMPOSED BY ALBERT OF BRANDENBURG, WHILE SUFFERING IN EXILE, 1566.

WHATE’ER God will, let that be done;  
 His will is ever wisest:  
 His grace will all thy hope outrun,  
 Who to that faith arisest.  
 The gracious Lord  
 Will help afford;  
 He chastens with forbearing:  
 Who God believes,  
 And to him cleaves,  
 Shall not be left despairing.



My God is my sure confidence,  
 My light and my existence :  
 His counsel is beyond my sense,  
 But stirs no weak resistance.  
     His word declares  
     The very hairs  
 Upon my head are numbered :  
     His mercy large  
     Holds me in charge,  
 With care that never slumbered.

There comes a day, when, at his will,  
 The pulse of Nature ceases :  
 I think upon it, and am still,  
 Let come whate'er he pleases.  
     To him I trust  
     My soul, my dust,  
 When flesh and spirit sever :  
     The Christ we sing  
     Has plucked the sting  
 Away from death for ever.

"MEIN HERR UND HEILAND, LASS MIR'S GEHN ZU HERZEN."

ORIGINAL MELODY, — "Herzliebster Jesu," &c.

LORD, touch my heart with that great consummation  
 When thou didst love me so in thy last passion :  
 All feelings that my soul from thee would sunder,  
     Help to keep under.

Thou who hast once to the grave's rest descended,  
 When on the cross thy work for us was ended,  
 Grant rest, when to the place that men prepare me  
     They sadly bear me.

Give sweet repose through thine own bitter sorrow,  
 And lift my soul to that eternal morrow  
 Which thou, O Lord ! for mortal man suppliedst  
     The day thou diedst.

N. L. F.

## THE STORY OF JOE.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MINISTER-AT-LARGE.

(Concluded.)

*April 27.* — Joe is out of immediate danger ; likely to live, they think. To-day, Wilson went to work again. He has paid his debt to me, which has answered its purpose of giving him an immediate object for honest work ; and now Ferguson's bill will do the same for a while. Indeed, Ferguson only consented to send it in for this purpose, and because Wilson's growing self-respect ought to be encouraged.

*April 30.* — Joe better. I asked Wilson to-day where Joe got his name. He answered, "*Her* name were Josy, — sumthin', sumthin' long ; an' I used ter call her Josy."

*May 4.* — Joe bears his hospital-life with wonderful patience. He has not quite got over turning his head away when strangers look at him ; and, for a time, the change from being seen by no one but his father and me was very trying : but he is much surprised and pleased at the considerate kindness of all around him ; and he keeps in any complaint he feels inclined to utter, that he may hear Dr. Wilkie tell his father at night how quiet and brave his son has been all day. Wilson comes for an hour every night, after work.

*May 6.* — Wilson has paid his debts : but he wants to give me the money he earns, to keep for him ; and I shall take it, till I can propose a bank without frightening him. Ferguson has told him that Joe may need remedies and comforts by and by, which will cost a good deal ; and Wilson is determined to save money, that he may get them.

*May 8.* — I have taken little Ernest with me to the hospital several times lately ; and he and Joe have struck up a great friendship. The other day, as I came back for Ernest, I overheard this dialogue : —

ERNEST. — "Joe, I guess you don't think as much of your father as I do of mine."

JOE (indignantly). — "I guess I do! Why not, young un?"

ERNEST (with shocked and impressive tone). — "You call him — dad!"

JOE. — "Don't you never call your father so?"

ERNEST. — "In a frolic, perhaps; but in real earnest, before folks, oh! I wouldn't do it for — any thing!"

JOE. — "Why not?"

ERNEST (with renewed impressiveness). — "Because it's dis-re-spect-able!"

Here I appeared, and packed off Ernest; Joe catching at me to ask anxiously what "dis, dis" — "respectful?" suggested I. "Yes; I guess so: that's near enough. What do that mean?"

I gave a slight explanation; and I find to-day that our young gentleman's lecture was effective. Wilson was puzzled, and evidently pleased also, at finding himself addressed as *father*; and he laughed tremendously when I repeated this conversation to him in private.

*March 13.* — Joe has been at the hospital about three weeks. The severe remedies which they have to use keep him very weak, but have relieved the acute pain in his back; and now they are beginning to build him up again.

Wilson went straight for some time, but lately has had a spree, which made him unfit to appear at the hospital for several days: and that fact brought him to his senses; for he could not get along without seeing Joe. He showed much remorse on finding how Joe had suffered from his absence, and vows it shall not happen again.

The evening is his time of temptation; but I hope he is now provided with something to do that will keep him at home then. Joe has often expressed his great desire to learn to read; and I found, by what he said to-day, that his father knew how: so, this afternoon, I went to the cabinet-maker's where Wilson works, and saw him. I tried him on a newspaper, and found, that, though he stumbled over nearly half the words, he could make out the sense, with some guessing, and at least knew the letters well enough to teach them to

Joe: so I proposed it to him. He was astonished and tickled at the idea, but doubted his own powers. I told him he might begin, and teach as much as he knew; and then — “then, mebbe, I can larn enough in the evenin’s to larn him more next day,” cried he. I assured him that he could, and offered to choose a primer for him, as he said he wanted a “great big A B C” to begin with; and he proudly told me to be sure to buy it out of *his* money!

*May 14.* — Wilson has begun his lessons. It would be hard to tell whether father or son enjoys it most.

*May 31.* — Have been housed myself for some time, but have heard from Joe almost daily, through Ferguson or some of the family. Ernest has often been with his mother to see him, and, of late, has been teaching him some of his little child’s hymns, for which Joe was just ready. But to-day he sent me word, through Ernest, that he wished I would write him a hymn for his own self! The innocent children! they think it no more to ask than an every-day note. I mournfully recall what Henry Ware, himself saint and poet, said to a friend once: “People seem to consider writing a hymn the easiest of literary feats, when it is just the most difficult.” I fully sympathize with him. Still, I hate to refuse Joe any thing; and I know that the fact of its being written “a purpose for me” will weigh more with him than literary qualities: so I shall do what I can.

The following is “Joe’s Hymn,” written by my brother in answer to this request, and henceforth Joe’s favorite: —

Father, hear my earnest prayer;  
Teach, oh! teach me how to bear:  
Patient, gentle would I be,  
Trusting for my strength to thee.

Jesus hath not shown in vain  
How to meet all grief and pain:  
Thinking of his broken grave,  
Shall my heart grow still and brave.

For he rose to show the way  
To the land of endless day:  
We shall bear the cross no more  
There, where he has gone before.

But while here on earth I stay,  
Through long night and weary day,  
Father, hear my hearty prayer ;  
Teach, oh ! teach me how to bear.

*Sept. 3.* — I have made no record as to the Wilsons through the summer ; for these other cases have taken all my writing-time, and there has been nothing new as to them.

Joe has been at the hospital until this week, when he has gone back to his father. He is much better as to pain, though he must always suffer ; and he can never raise himself erect again. He can drag himself round the room with crutches, but no farther ; and the motion of my carriage, even my hand-wagon, is intolerable to him : so he is really a prisoner for life. He knows it, and takes it as simply as he has learnt to take every thing. "All God's work," as he whispers to me sometimes.

Wilson has got through the summer well, with fewer relapses than we feared ; helped by the fact, that his comrades of the ring have been off on a fighting jaunt to other cities. I suppose the restraint he has been under often, while in training for a fight, has made the control of his appetites less strange to him than it is to many poor fellows.

*Sept. 18.* — Joe is rather beyond his father's teaching now, though Wilson has studied in the evenings to good purpose : so we have got a teacher for him. It is a young man named Heath, who needs help, not charity. He is not strong enough for any hard work, and gets a poor support by giving writing-lessons, to which he is glad to add a couple of hours daily with Joe. Wilson himself pays for this with huge satisfaction.

*Sept. 24.* — Trouble in prospect for the Wilsons. Jack is bent on joining in some prize-fights which are to take place this autumn. He thinks it is only for the sake of winning the purse offered, to use it for Joe : but we can all see that the old brutal nature, so long subdued by remorse and anxiety, is stirring again ; and we fear it is the beginning

of hard times for Joe. The poor boy has found his father's determination too strong to be moved by his entreaties : so he has given up all outward opposition ; but he looks pale and unhappy. As he has at last broken himself of telling lies to hide his father's faults, he does not deny that this pains him ; but he does not blame him to any of us, and tries to hope for the best.

*Sept. 29.* — The Wilsons' affairs going on badly. Jack is, of course, thrown constantly among his old associates, has quitted work, and is going from bad to worse. We fear he is cross to Joe ; but Joe never complains. He has improved marvellously as to controlling his temper ; but his very silence and patience are tacit reproofs, which irritate his father the more because consciously deserved.

*Oct. 8.* — Ferguson came in early with bad news from the Wilsons. He had been sent for in the night, and found Joe very sick. Harry and I hurried down, found him delirious, and his father unable to speak, or look up at us.

Mrs. Conelly told us what had happened. It seems Wilson has been worse than we knew lately. He was out the whole of night before last, getting Joe worked up into a terrible nervous condition ; then came home a little drunk, and very savage. Joe at last lost his temper, and answered sharply ; and father and son had a terrible quarrel. It ended in Jack's rushing out, swearing at Joe ; and he did not come back till late last night. He was very drunk then ; and, after he had staggered up to his room, Mrs. Conelly heard him going on in a way which alarmed her, and she stole to the door. He was accusing Joe of having driven him away, — driven him to damnation ; and finally, in his drunken fury, enraged at Joe's silence, he struck him, and pulled him out of bed. That brought back Joe's old terrible pain ; and Wilson was sobered by his son's falling senseless on the floor.

This injury, coming after such suspense and excitement, was too much for Joe ; and, when he came to himself, it was in the delirium of fever. Ferguson had been there most of

the night, and said Jack had not spoken, or stirred from his crouching posture behind the bed,—only shuddering sometimes when Joe's moans rose to piteous entreaties to his "daddy" not to kill him. He roused himself at last, when he was needed to hold Joe; and, in spite of our anger, we could not but pity him heartily when we saw his wretched, haggard face. I find he spent yesterday in drinking, fighting, and finally gambling; and gambled away more money than he has in the world.

*Oct. 20.* — Sick myself since last date. Joe's fever yielded sooner than we feared. When he first became sensible, Jack left the room, and was unwilling to come back: but Ferguson got him to the door, and he heard poor Joe taking to himself the accusation of having made home uncomfortable for his father, and driven him away; and wondering sadly whether he would ever forgive him, and come back. They were quickly together then.

Wilson has been a most faithful nurse; but such risks must not be run any longer. Joe's friends, Ferguson at the head, held a council in my room to-day, and decided that Wilson could not be trusted with Joe, unless he could give us some security for his good conduct.

*Oct. 21.* — Cannot quit my lounge yet: so sent for Wilson here, and had a long and painful interview with him. He was angry for a few moments at the idea of Joe's being taken from him; but he is too thoroughly contrite to continue so. He checked himself, and acknowledged the justice of all Joe's friends had decided, but broke out into vehement entreaties for one more trial. It was pitiful to see that great, proud creature so humiliated.

He confessed, what he has been unwilling to believe before, that, if he went with his old companions, he was not able to resist their temptations; and that he must be much with them, if he went at all into his old way of life. Then came the question:—

"Will you give up Joe? or give up at once and for ever all your old pursuits and associates?"

The gray head was bowed, the strong frame shook: he felt

in those silent moments the full bitterness of the wrench from evil to good. The drops stood on his forehead, and his voice was broken; when he looked up, and said, —

“I can’t lose Joe.” Then, more steadily, “I’ll give up every thing else; but I cannot give up my son.”

So it is settled. They are to quit that neighborhood, and Jack is to stop his perilous experiment of seeing how near the edge he can walk without falling. In his old age he is to begin a new life, and he does not know how to pray! This struggle must force it from him; for human strength is not enough to carry out what human love dictates.

Oct. 28. — Ferguson and Harry and our women-folks have all been at work for the Wilsons indefatigably, and have made great progress. They have found and fitted up two good rooms in a respectable neighborhood, far from Wilson’s old haunts; and to-day Joe was put under the influence of ether, and carried there. Wonderfully enough, he had received no serious harm, and his fever did not last long; but it has left him so weak, that Ferguson did not want to move him yet, but was driven to it by the intrusion of Jack’s old friends, who worried Joe, and put him back.

Wilson has had to withdraw all the money I had for him to pay those gambling debts; and, as that was not enough, he is hard at work, earning money for the rest. Some of his remaining creditors were so troublesome to Joe, that we have paid them off, and let Wilson owe only to me, nominally; though Harry’s purse supplied the money.

Nov. 27. — First time I have been allowed to go anywhere. Went to see Joe. It seemed strange to both of us; for we had not expected to meet again “while in the body pent.” We both have enough to live for; though, if it is His will, we should wait. Wilson is struggling bravely.

Nov. 29. — Saw Joe again, — looking happy as a king, — propped up in his wooden support, with his *scholars* about him! He has long been anxious to do something for his own support; but all mechanical tasks required a constant motion of the hands, which exhausted him. He was beginning to feel his helplessness as the hardest part of his burden: so our



workers took hold, and have actually set him up at school-teaching!

The house is at the entrance of a court, where respectable poor people live; and, as both Wilson and Joe like children, the "lame man's room" soon became a favorite resort for the little people: and now Joe is teaching them to read and spell, and their parents pay him something for it; a tiny sum, to be sure; but the feeling that he is earning something has done wonders for Joe already. Then the occupation is good for him; and, as Heath is still teaching him, we hope his day is not very long or lonely; at least, when his pain does not stop these pleasant pursuits. Wilson earns most by working all day at a yard: but he spends every spare moment at home; and, while he is gone, the woman occupying the rest of the house (a Mrs. Wilson, but no relation of theirs) looks after Joe's few wants.

*Dec. 5.* — While I was sitting with Joe this morning, we heard a noise in the back room, as if somebody were performing a cross between a break-down and a fight. Neither of us could quite command our faces as Joe said, —

"I guess father's trying to pray!"

At Joe's entreaty, I went in, and found Wilson (who had not known I was there) stamping about in a state of great excitement and heat. He looked shame-faced for a moment, then ejaculated, —

"I vow! this 'ere talkin' to sum un yer never seed, an' can't see, beats all! It's wuss than fitin' a feller in the dark."

Poor Jack! — he will be one of the violent, who take the kingdom by storm: he cannot imagine accomplishing any thing except by main force. When I reminded him how he begged me to let Joe stay with him, and asked him whether it would have stopped him if I had shut myself up in another room, out of sight, but where he knew I could hear him, it seemed to give him a new idea. I feel sure, that, in his uncouth fashion, he does send up sincere prayers.

*Dec. 10 (Sunday).* — Several Sundays, lately, I have had a glimpse of Wilson lurking in the chapel porch. To-day,

just before service, I made a rush out there, and coaxed a group of shy creatures, who were hanging round ashamed to be seen, to come in and take seats; and, after church, Wilson's strong arm helped me to go round by his home. As Joe and I talked, Wilson sat by his son's side; and it was touching to see his wistful look, turning from one to the other as we spoke; and when Joe told me, joyously, that his father liked to hear him read the Bible every day now, and say hymns, he said, in a humble, patient way, —

"I can't understand more'n one word in ten, yit: but I likes it; an' I think o' what yer said ter Joe oncet, — that, ef we did what we knew, we'd know what to do. So I think mebbe I'll know more bym-by."

I surely never put "the substance of the whole matter" into such a compact form as that, old Jack! But thankful am I, if any thing I ever said has given him that blessed idea. "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine."

[After this, the records have no special interest until July, — a year and a half later. — H. 1.]

*July 21.* — Wilson had a sun-stroke yesterday, and was carried home insensible. He has revived to-day; but at his age, and after such a life, it will probably prove fatal.

*July 27.* — Wilson lingers on, but is sinking day by day; and both he and Joe know it. Joe's faith meets it bravely. Wilson is very silent, but listens eagerly to all that is said or read; and to-day, in answer to a question of mine, he said, humbly and reverently, —

"I don't dare to think o' the past. He knows I'm sorry for it all; an' as fur what's ter come, I kin trust God. He says he'll be merciful, an' I know he will be to Josy an' me."

*July 29.* — It has been a real trial to Wilson that he never could remember a Bible-verse or a hymn, however much he liked it; and, during his sickness, he has grieved more than ever over this result of a neglected, abused body and mind. When I went into the room to-day, he almost raised himself up, his eyes burning with excitement, and cried, —

"Mr. Ray, I've larnt one verse: I kin remember one verse, an' I likes it best o' the whole Bible." Then knitting his brows, and putting all his strength to it, he repeated slowly, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

When Joe and I could speak, we gave him the promise he asked, that this should be put over his grave. After his excitement passed off, he fell into a sort of lethargy, and was in that state when I left.

*July 30.*—Ferguson has been in to tell us of Wilson's death. He lay in that lethargy till toward midnight; when he roused enough to know Joe, and speak to him. He repeated that verse he loves, several times, earnestly; whispering, "I'm a-sayin' it for your mother too, Joe." But presently his voice faltered; he could not finish; and, toward morning, his heavy breathing died away.

*Aug. 1.*—We laid Wilson to-day in the little country church-yard, close beside Josy; and have placed one stone for both graves, with their names, and "God be merciful to me, a sinner." To that infinite mercy we can leave them fearlessly.

*Aug. 2.*—Joe enters on his lonely life, resting on that strength which is sufficient. I sat long with him to-day; and it humbled me to find him still looking up to me as one who can teach him, while he has long been my teacher in patient trust. In this, our time of bereavement, we are all learning resignation from him.

As this journal is meant for a charity-record, it is not the place for my friend Joe; and I shall write no more about him here. In many ways has his case been a blessed one to me: in none more than in showing, that what I looked on, at the opening of my ministry, as my greatest impediment, might sometimes be a help; opening a way where the comeliness I crave would be of no avail.

[The journal, therefore, contains no more about Joe; but the story of his life is finished by the following extract from a letter written by my brother to his nephew, about six years after the last date.]

JAN. 26.

DEAR ERNEST, — After our last letter, you will not be surprised to hear that Joe died yesterday. I know it will grieve you not to have seen him again; but it was a mercy to have such severe pain end so soon. He spoke of you often, saying he wanted to see you, but could not want to live as long as till your return. He said "Bobby" was to be yours: so we have brought the cage home, and hung it in the play-room window; and I hear the little creature singing merrily while I write of his master's death, as if he knew enough to rejoice with us at his freedom from suffering.

How sorely we shall all miss him, though! That cheerful room, so filled with his spirit of content and child-like trust! — many and many a time have I rested body and soul there, and gone on my way wiser and stronger.

Much as I knew of the good he had done to his scholars and to others, I am surprised now, as it is revealed, how many people, young and old, he has found means to reach and help from his apparently helpless confinement.

Your father watched with him the last night, and I was with him all day. He was able to talk a little, and was thankful to be so near home. Your mother and Grace came in the morning, and sang for him; and, when they went, he pressed their hands, and whispered, "Thank you for all." A little later he spoke to Ferguson and to me, and sent "good-by" to some friends, especially to you; and added, smiling, "It's only good-by for the present." Ferguson was called away: and, when we were alone, Joe said to me, "I wish you were coming too; but you will come in God's time;" and then, his face lighting up, "There's no cross there, Mr. Ray, — no cross any more; and we shall see Christ." In a few moments, while we were still alone together, there came a sharp, short struggle, and he laid down his cross for ever.

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"It is one of the besetting sins of men, to desire to separate truth from goodness; to strive after salvation by faith alone. The belief in the saving power of faith is not confined to the sects that hold it as a dogma, but is one of the most common traits in the mind of man: he is ever fancying that he shall finally be saved by the good thoughts he entertains, though his life be far from exemplifying them."

## P E A C E.

"Then shall we have peace, — sweet, blessed, perpetual peace." — *The closing words of the last letter of the Rev. Arthur B. Fuller.*

E'EN as he spake, "sweet, blessed Peace"

The olive wreath was twining,  
That would so soon around his brow  
A martyr's crown be shining.

"Sweet, blessed peace perpetual,"  
With purity combining,  
And freedom's priceless gift to all, —  
For this his soul was pining.

Peace had he brought our wounded braves  
In the rude barracks lying;  
To heavenly peace had pointed them  
In battle nobly dying.

Ever amid the storm of war,  
Purely though faintly shining,  
He caught those gleams which show to faith  
The war-cloud's "silver lining."

He felt that in no human hand  
Was placed our country's keeping:  
A "Peace, be still!" above the storm,  
His Lord was surely speaking.

Sadly and wearily we wait  
A gleam of peace first dawning:  
To him, from midnight clouds, burst forth  
The calm, eternal morning.

LUCILLA.

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SERVE God before the world: let him not go  
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign  
The whole unto him, and remember who  
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine.  
Poure oyle upon the stones; weep for thy sin;  
Then journey on, and have an eie to heaven.

## A LEAF FROM OUR ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE CHURCH OF THE THIRD RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF DORCHESTER, JULY 12, 1863, BY JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

GAL. V. 1: "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

It is now fifty years since this religious society was formed. Through the varying labors and fortunes of fifty years, it has been vindicating its right to a name and a place among the permanent and beneficent Christian institutions of the land. Your beloved and honored pastor had looked forward with desire to the commemoration of this anniversary. When he found that his strength and life on earth must cease before this day had come, with the thoughtful consideration for the future which was so characteristic of him, he asked that the anniversary might be observed, and intimated a wish that I should stand in his place. The intimation of a wish on his part, under such circumstances, would have the weight and the authority of a command with me. In obedience to that command, I now stand before you; and, in speaking as the occasion requires of controversies whose angry surgings murmur to us from the past, I trust that I shall be betrayed into no tone of thought or speech which can throw even a momentary shadow over his gentle and loving spirit, if he should now be with us in this house consecrated to us all by his labors and his prayers, by the life which he lived, and the solemn funeral services which here shed their tearful and fragrant benediction upon his memory.

There is a special significance in the act by which this Third Religious Society in Dorchester was established. In the liberty which the Congregational churches of New England enjoyed during the latter half of the last century, there was room for free and earnest investigations, for a wide diversity of opinion on the greatest of all subjects, and for the most animated and friendly discussions on points in which they were irrevocably opposed to one another, by ministers who

were, nevertheless, contented to live together as brethren. They closed their warmest controversies with prayers, which showed that they were united in heart, however divided they might be in opinion; and they who had differed most widely in their discussions often closed their interview by agreeing upon an exchange of pulpits for the following Sunday. Sometimes men of that day, like Dr. West of Dartmouth and Dr. Styles of Newport, would meet at the house of a common friend, half-way between the two places; and in the earnestness of their controversy become so deeply absorbed, that the morning sun would rise upon them before their talk was ended.

Those were great times. The profoundest subjects were discussed with a breadth and closeness of thought, and an extent of theological learning, which, I fear, can hardly be found among us now. And the beauty of it was, that they separated as brethren. They knew that they were laboring in the same cause; and were glad to interchange pulpits, and to help one another in their works. Perhaps our Revolutionary War, which united them all on the same side in the desperate contest they were waging for civil liberty, made them guard with a more sacred reverence the religious liberty wherewith Christ had made them free.

But when the war was over, and there were no dangers from a foreign enemy to alarm our people, some of the more rigid among them began to be afraid lest the liberty which they had allowed and enjoyed on religious subjects should lead to licentiousness of thought, and be permitted privily to undermine the very foundations of religious truth. And not without some show of reason were they thus alarmed. The breaking-up of all religious institutions, associations, and opinions, in the French Revolution, gave just ground of uneasiness and apprehension to the thoughtful and devout men of that day. They did not see, as we may now, that it was not too much liberty then, but too severe a yoke of despotism and slavery preceding those times, which had caused the volcanic upheaval and bursting-asunder of all established institutions, customs, and beliefs at that appalling epoch.

Thus it happened, that, early in the present century, some of our ablest ministers holding Calvinistic opinions began to grow restless and dissatisfied under the existing order of things. They saw the most promising young men drawn away into what seemed to them dangerous opinions, by the exercise of what seemed to them a fatal liberty of thought.

The danger undoubtedly existed ; but how was it to be met ? By profounder thought, on their part, to confute and overthrow what was false ; by lives of more entire religious consecration and fidelity, that, by the beauty of Christian love and holiness, they might win to Christ the hearts of the young, and extend his authority over them. But with scholars so accomplished as Kirkland, or as Andrews Norton (who was then just entering on his course of thorough and logical investigation) ; with lives so holy and winning as those of Buckminster and Channing and Thatcher ; with thinkers so exact and profound as Dr. Samuel West (then closing his labors) and Henry Ware ; with philanthropists so full of self-sacrifice and devotion as Noah Worcester, or so fervent in spirit as Joseph Tuckerman ; with a flood of new enthusiasm on the side of religious freedom, breaking out in such appeals to reason and conscience as have seldom come from the pulpit in any age of the world, — what could be done to stay the progress of that fatal error which was recommended by the very virtues and Christian graces of its ministers ?

To those wise men there seemed but one way of stemming the torrent ; and that was to build a dam strong enough to stop the river. They at first consulted together, and agreed privately to prepare the way for revising their creeds, and imposing additional articles of faith as a condition of membership in ministerial associations. In sagacity and determination, with the practical shrewdness and perseverance by which such measures are to be managed and carried through, the Rev. Dr. Morse, of Charlestown, was probably the leading man of those days. But he found great opposition among those who agreed with him in their religious opinions. These were decided Calvinists, who nevertheless upheld the cause of religious liberty, even in behalf of those who differed from



themselves. Of these ministers there was no abler man, and no one who exercised a greater influence on the side of religious liberty, than the Rev. Dr. Osgood, of Medford. An extract from an unpublished letter written by him, and dated June 3, 1803, will give a better insight into these matters than any general remarks that I can make:—

“It is true,” he says, “as you observe, that there is some of the old leaven still among us. A few weeks preceding the late Convention of Congregational Ministers at Boston, my good neighbor, the Rev. Dr. Morse, proposed to me, as a matter which a number of our brethren were desirous of having brought forward at said convention, the choosing of a committee to revise our platform, that there might be more order and uniformity in our church affairs. I asked, in reply,—

“‘Have you not read my Dudleian Sermon?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘You then know that I have put down all councils, creeds, platforms, &c., *in toto*, reserving nothing but the Bible as the sole guide for all Christian churches, and to each individual church the privilege of interpreting the Bible for itself.’ . . .

“Here the conversation ended; and we did not meet again till seated in convention, when he came, and, sitting down by me, whispered in my ear,—

“‘Will you be one of the committee?’

“‘The committee for what?’

“‘Why, you know what I mentioned to you some time since about revising the platform.’

“‘Brother Morse, if you bring forward that business, I will grind you to powder.’

“He instantly left me, and, I believe, the convention; for I do not recollect seeing or hearing him afterwards in the meeting. Perhaps there has not been a convention here before, since he has been a member of their body, in which he has had so little to do as at the late one. He is, for the most part, wonderfully busy on those occasions; always devising what he considers as good things. But I can easily conceive, that from the same disposition in the pastors of the second, third, and fourth centuries, might originate those hierarchies, which, down to this day, continue to tyrannize over a great part of Christendom.”

Failing in their attempt to impose the test of a severer creed on our Ministerial Associations, the next plan of these men was to accomplish the same end by means of a more private and personal character, and to refuse ministerial intercourse with those of their brethren who differed from them in their theological opinions. The movement in this direction caused the formation of this society.

In 1808, Mr. John Codman was settled over the Second Congregational Society in Dorchester. He was a man of family, of wealth, and of a genial, kindly disposition, and of strict Calvinistic principles. A majority of his people differed from him in opinion; but, having been brought up in those times of Christian liberty, they made little account of this. They talked with him freely on the subject, and understood what his opinions were. But, in their anxiety to preserve the liberty of the church, they got from him, as they supposed, a pledge that he would exchange with the neighboring ministers whom they had been accustomed to hear. William Ellery Channing, who was then, as afterwards, a most eloquent and powerful advocate of liberal opinions, was chosen by Mr. Codman to preach his ordination-sermon. But soon his parishioners were grieved to see that Mr. Codman's exchanges were confined to men of a severely Calvinistic stamp. They remonstrated. He rejoined with a considerable degree of sharpness. An angry controversy ensued: two councils were called, and twice the society voted that the connection between them and their pastor was dissolved. Scenes almost of personal violence were enacted in the church, on Sunday, by the opposing parties, for the possession of the pulpit. The result of the conflict was, that most of the disaffected members, with the consent of those who remained, seceded from the Second Parish, and formed "The Third Religious Society in Dorchester." It was not that they differed in opinion from their pastor; they did not deny that it was both his right and his duty to preach what he believed to be true: but they did object to the new restraints that were put upon the liberty of the Congregational churches in New England, and the freedom of ministerial exchanges.

This was the first instance, I believe, in which extreme measures were resorted to, and a new society established on the ground of Christian liberty. As in all controversies of the kind, bitter personal animosities were mingled with the sense of wrong, and excited in the defence of what was regarded as a great religious truth. Neighborhoods were divided and cut up into religious factions; members of the same household were turned against one another. It was years before the wounds received in that theological warfare were healed; and even now, when hardly more than one man who took part in the controversy survives, it would not be difficult to kindle at least a temporary glow of indignation by drawing together the coals which still survive in the ashes of that exhausted controversy.

A needful work was accomplished. Honor to the brave and earnest men by whom it was done! The actors on both sides have passed on to the higher tribunal, where the cause that is ill judged here shall be judged again, and where those who have here looked upon each other as enemies of God, may, to their mutual surprise and joy, find themselves united together in the same great community of souls, among the ransomed of the Lord.

The first public meeting of this society, of which an account is preserved in its records, was held on the 6th of May, 1813. On the 16th of December, 1816, an invitation was given to Mr. Thomas Prentiss to become their pastor. Mr. Prentiss declined the invitation; influenced, as he said, in part, by a fear that the salary of \$800 might be inadequate to his "exigencies in such a situation." Mr. Prentiss was soon after settled in Charlestown, where he remained but a short time before he died, leaving a name long held in grateful and loving remembrance. The other candidate at the time, who received eight of the forty-three votes then cast, was Samuel Gilman, who, in a ministry of more than forty years in Charleston, S.C., showed himself to be a man of rare ability, a scholar of unusual accomplishments, and a minister honored alike for his Christian virtues, graces, and attainments.

On the 30th of April, 1817, Rev. Edward Richmond, D.D.,

was unanimously invited to become their pastor; and he was installed here June 27, 1817. He remained in that office sixteen years; when, May 13, 1833, he sent in his resignation, on account of his inability, from a paralytic affection, to perform the duties of his office. He was a man of blameless life. I remember to have heard him preach once, in the old church, now Richmond Hall, thirty-two years ago last Sunday. To a stranger, his personal appearance was not prepossessing. There was some difficulty of utterance. But the impression made upon me, then a college-student, was one not easily to be effaced,—of an upright, scholarly, Christian man, who would always do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with his God. I do not know how much of this feeling may have come from what I afterwards heard of him; but I cannot recall him, as he appeared to me the only time that I ever saw him, without feeling as if there were a pathos and gentleness embodied in his presence, reaching out through his life, and pervading the calm and lucid sentences which he uttered. He died April 20, 1842,—nearly eight years after he left the parish; and I have never heard him spoken of here by those who knew him, except in terms of kindness and respect.

His successor, Mr. Francis Cunningham, who had graduated at Harvard University, with the highest honors of his class, in 1824,—a man of refined tastes, and a scholar of rare attainments,—was unanimously chosen April 10, 1834, and ordained on the 21st of the following month. After a ministry of eight years, he asked to be relieved from the pastoral office; and accordingly ceased to be the minister of the society Sept. 1, 1842.

During his ministry, this commodious and costly church was built. It was dedicated Oct. 28, 1840.

The 22d of December, 1842, Mr. Richard Pike was unanimously chosen as his successor; and was ordained Feb. 8, 1843. From his letter of acceptance, I should judge that he entered on his labors with chastened expectations, and with a smaller desire and hope of external success than of spiritual advancement among his people.

"I promise," he said, "to do what I can to promote the important objects for which you are united together as a religious body. I shall devote to the advancement of your spiritual interests what strength and wisdom I possess. I bring to you an ardent love for the profession in which I am to labor, and the result of a religious experience, which, I trust, will be of no small advantage to me in my ministrations to you.

"So far as the outward prosperity of your society is concerned, I beg that you will not expect too much as the result of this connection. Your society, now small, must remain so for some time to come. A slow growth is the most healthful; and such a growth is all that I dare hope. Your growth, as a religious body, in righteousness, in all the Christian graces and virtues, I shall ever esteem of much greater importance."

These were the feelings with which he entered on his sacred office, and pledged himself to the fulfilment of its duties. How faithfully the pledge was redeemed, with what meekness of wisdom, with what gentle perseverance, with what unremitting industry, with what careful and painstaking thought, with what simplicity and godly sincerity, he had his daily walk and conversation among you for twenty years, is too deeply impressed upon you, and too closely inwoven with your holiest purposes and affections, to be spoken of by me.

I have quoted from his earliest communication to you; and how affectingly are these words of youthful promise confirmed by his last "New-Year's" greeting, sent to you from the threshold of eternity, when its serene and solemn light was already breaking upon him!—

"I precede you into the other world, because my work here on earth is done. . . . Very dear have you been to me as a people. . . . My heart goes out towards you this day. I feel that the ties of the relationship which has so long existed between us can never be sundered.

"We have entered upon a new year together. Another new year! An eternal one seems to be dawning for me. . . . I have said farewell to you: but I say not farewell for ever and for ever; for I hope and I expect to meet you in the other world, if I am not permitted to in this."

What more shall we say? Let not your pastor be disappointed in this, his last and his most earnest and inspiring hope.

Fifty years have passed away. They who, in troubled days, laid the foundations of this society in defence of the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, years since have rested from their labors. The names which appear most frequently in your early records — Edmund Baker, Thomas Crehore, Benjamin Fuller, and Stephen Pierce, with those of their zealous co-workers, Edmund Tileston, Mark Hollingsworth, and others, whom the time would fail me to mention — are some of them almost unknown, perhaps, to the younger members of this society. They labored: you have entered into their labors. And through the fifty years, with only a slight notice of what they have done, here and there on your records are the holy and devout women, not a few, who persevered in their patience of hope, and labors of love, when the zeal of others was becoming cold, or their hands grew weary. By the fidelity of their lives, the sweetness of their affections, the fervor of their prayers, the ministry now as of unseen spirits in your behalf, — all these of whom I have spoken commit to you this ark of God, and ask you with pure minds and humble hearts and willing hands to bear it on to the generations which shall come after you.

You have repaired and adorned these walls. Let the work you have done here be the emblem of souls renewed in the spirit of God, and adorned in the beauty of his holiness. So may many and prosperous days await you! So may your pleasant and solemn gatherings continue to be blessed to you in this place consecrated by ministers and servants of Christ, by men and women who have endeared themselves to you as only the devout and holy can do! May precious and saintly memories from the past mingle with the hopes that lead you on! In the parting words of that dear brother, now one of the cloud of heavenly witnesses who compass you about; in the words of that dear brother, at whose request I stand here to-day, — “May the year you now enter upon be a year in which you shall have a richer experience than ever before of

the Father's love, of the grace which the Saviour came to impart, and of the communion with the Father and the Son in the Holy Spirit!" May this, his parting benediction, be with you all, now and for evermore!

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THE SEEN, TEMPORAL; THE UNSEEN, ETERNAL.

HUSH, gentle friends! the jocund laugh, the half-formed jest,  
forego;

Let tender Charity suppress the spirit's sparkling flow:

They enter at the door whose hearts are bowed with speechless  
woe!

O trembling, aching, patient hearts, whom the dear Lord hath  
blest

To bear the sharp nails of the cross that pierced his sacred  
breast!

To eyes that look beyond the veil, ye seem not so oppress.

These sombre robes, that tell a tale your lips could ne'er have  
told,

To us seem written o'er and o'er with syllables of gold;  
Some gracious promise shining out from every sable fold.

These forms that droop so wearily, these faces pale and sad,  
Above them, circling hand in hand, with motions free and glad,  
A group of cherub angels float, in shining raiment clad!

And — thanks to Him whose sacrifice makes all submission sweet;  
Who died on Calvary for us, his martyrdom complete;  
Then trampled Death, victorious, beneath his kingly feet —

We know the hour of joy supreme comes on for all apace,  
When eyes that weep beloved ones shall see them face to face,  
And hearts that yearn shall clasp them close in a long, long embrace!

E. D. H.

## A DAY AT ANNAPOLIS.

I NEVER could tell why, but I have all my life desired to visit Annapolis. Something that I read in geography or history at school, some little thing, had made a lodgement in my memory; and I had tried many times to bring it within the compass of my wanderings, deterred always by the assertion of one and another, that it was a dull old place, with nothing whatever to repay the time a visit would occupy.

The opportunity at last came, in my desire to see for myself the condition of our men who had been returned from the Richmond prisons, and of whom the most incredible tales were told. I found Annapolis quaint and old and calm; a most respectable air of self-sustained dignity about it; a waif from the past, rather than a thing of the present. The enclosure within which the State buildings stand forms a sort of hub, from which the streets radiate toward the outskirts of the town. The railway, and every appliance of engine and of car, the country through which it passed, the people we saw and travelled with, all seemed of the same stamp; and, more than once, I wished myself going anywhere but to Annapolis.

A slow and tedious ride, of not more than thirty miles from the "Junction," brought us into the identical depot which Gen. Butler had broken open, in which was found the engine which helped to make historic the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment. Take a respectable wood-shed on any farmer's premises, and you have the depot at Annapolis, on a bit of by-street, with nothing in the world to show, in or on its exterior, that it is not a wood-shed. The city, except in the venerable appearance of its buildings, — a certain aristocratic savor of the olden time investing the humbler as well as the more costly, — has nothing to commend it; and yet how a little antiquity in this very new world will commend any thing!

The Naval School at Annapolis is beautifully located on the banks of the Severn, and covers a space, and consists of a num-



ber and variety of buildings, far greater than I had supposed. Being there for a wholly different purpose, I forgot to note the number, or ask any questions about what I saw within the enclosure. I do remember one thing, — that there, just as I find it everywhere, I saw a small flag hanging over a door, with the magic words, "*Sanitary Commission.*" That Good Samaritan, which never passes by any wounded or half-dead ; which has a marvellous ubiquity as well as persistence ; which has not only been under fire again and again, but in its zeal has so pressed forward as to be ordered back from the very front, — was here too, to advise and to aid. All the buildings are now hospitals ; having, at the time of my visit, nine hundred patients. I had letters to the surgeon in charge : but it is a maxim of mine, never to intrude upon a man of cares in his business-hours, if it can be avoided ; and so I preferred to run my chance of seeing and knowing some other way. The sentry at the gate placed his musket before me : but I happened to know the name of the lady matron ; and, asking for her at a venture, was told that any one wishing to see her could pass. Getting a general direction, I finally succeeded in finding her quarters, only to be told that she was somewhere, going her morning rounds. A young officer whom I met courteously volunteered his assistance ; and, after some search, we succeeded in finding her. I gave her my name, and commenced an apology for intruding ; when she grasped me by the hand, and said, " Oh ! I know who you are, and I am right glad to see you ; " and immediately took me across the large quadrangle to her sitting-room, and, while awaiting some one for whom she had sent, let me a little into her history. She was a lady of Baltimore ; and it was she, who on that night of terror, after the massacre in Pratt Street, went to the station where the wounded men were lying, — disregarding the threats of some, the entreaties of others, and the assurance of the police that the men were well cared for, — found them lying on benches or the floor, covered with blood, with wounds undressed, and finally prevailed on the police to take them to her house in a furniture-wagon she had provided ; while she drove on in a carriage,

got rooms and beds ready, took in and watched over those men till they were fit to be sent home : this at a time when to do so was no mere work of charity, but of positive danger. I had known the facts before, and they are worthy a high place in the annals of female heroism and charity. I found she intended giving herself up to me for the present, and proposed the grand rounds. We looked in at the various kitchens for general and for sick diet, the common dining-hall, and the store-rooms ; and every thing spoke well for the place. In the drawing-room of the commodore's house, I got my first glimpse at Richmond prisoners, — fine-looking fellows, each with a small table before him, and his dinner upon it. I expressed some surprise at finding them appearing so well. They replied, that they had been in hospital, and the men who had been sick had not fared so badly as the well men on Belle Isle. Moreover, they said, that, when any officer was placed over them who had been a prisoner in our hands, the rigor of their captivity was perceptibly relaxed. They certainly were happy men, making themselves merry over their dinners, all of which they said they could not eat. A few weeks of such rations as they were then on must send them back to the field.

It was nearly three weeks since the prisoners had arrived. The worst cases had died. The deaths, for some time averaging three and five a day, were at this time reduced to about one. The men, on arriving, were the most piteous objects. They lay upon ship-board filthy with vermin and dirt : some of them were already dying ; some of them could not tell their names or regiments ; some had only a bit of bed-tick over their shoulders ; others had their feet done up in rags ; one hundred and twenty had no shoes. As the ladies pressed on board the boat with their stimulants, those strong enough to help themselves cried, "Do not come near us, ladies : we are covered with vermin !" One bright, brave boy, who lay in bed with two fingers torn from his hand by a shell, and who must lose his arm, though he did not know it, said, "I thought it was pretty rough, sir. It was a cold morning when I arrived at Annapolis ; and they took me from the

boat, and stripped every thing off me on the green, and then washed me all over in cold water, and put me to bed; and that is the way they served them all." He would have to lose his arm, not from the wound, but from gangrene. Some rebel had tied it up so tight, and then left it untouched for days, that it had stopped all circulation; and when, at last, it was undone, it dropped useless by his side.

I was shown the worst cases still remaining. In a small room, there lay what I should have called a man of fifty. He was emaciated to the last degree; and there was a peculiar hue to his face which they all have. It looked like untanned leather. I have seen sad sights, but none sadder. That man of fifty was a *boy of seventeen!* He lay perfectly still, opened his eyes with difficulty, and barely spoke when spoken to; seemed hardly conscious, and, they said, really suffered but little. He was dying of starvation, — too far gone when he arrived to be raised by the stimulants which were his only nourishment now. The doctors had decided, from examinations, that there was no disease about these men; and the only special appearance of the vital organs was a peculiar mucous coating of the stomach, and the adhesion of the heart to its case. All of the sickest of them seemed stupefied, and not to realize their condition.

I next saw a man who was up, and could stagger about the room. He was six feet tall, and seemed merely a long, straight line. It was painful, while it was almost amusing, to see him try to hitch his trousers on to his hips. He seemed very anxious to talk, and was at my elbow wherever I went; but was so weak, that his articulation was like that of a stutterer. They told me it was only stimulant that kept him up, and he must probably die.

In one of the hospital-tents in the lawn (these tents are used for the wounded, and are exceedingly comfortable) was a young man from the West, with a singularly fine face, who had just had his leg amputated a second time; it having been wretchedly done in Richmond. He had just got quiet, and seemed in a sweet sleep; but it was hardly to be hoped that he could rally. In another tent, not far, was one they thought

to be dying. As we entered, he slowly and indistinctly said, "Tell my mother!"—and that was all. He, too, was fearfully thin: and yet a strange strength seemed to possess him; for, having refused to take his pills, the ward-master had gone to the other end of the long tent, thinking he might break them up and give them to him in whiskey. Suddenly he perceived some one looking over his shoulder; and there was his dying patient, demanding of him what he did. To the evasive reply, he remarked, "I thought you might be trying to humbug me." Here, too, was a boy of not more than seventeen, totally blind. A shell had put out one eye; and the other had been torn from the socket, and had hung, he said, five days before being replaced. It had a natural look; but there was no sight in it. He seemed very patient, though his case was very sad. The men were exquisitely tender of him. He had enlisted at the West, but said he had a mother living at a certain number of a street in Philadelphia. Inquiry had been made, and answer brought while I was there, that no such person could be found. How were that mother and boy to come together again?

I must not forget one boy, with a broad, pleasant face. The matron said to him, "Show the gentleman your tongue." There were the fresh scars of long gashes on each side of it. His was said to have been the worst case of diphtheria ever seen. His tongue was so swollen, he had not swallowed for forty-eight hours. The matron had her suspicions that the surgeon in charge was at his wits' ends, and was going to let the man die. She went to the surgeon-in-chief, and asked him to happen into that room. The moment he saw him, he lanced his tongue in this fearful way, and saved him. He told the matron afterward, that, when the doctor came, he did not think any thing about him, but he *did think what a bad boy he had been*; and she said his penitence, and determination to reform, were very touching. He had been nearly five years in the regular army. He had evidently been what we call "a hard boy," but told me he should quit when his time was up. As I left him, I said I hoped he would soon be all right; "but take care of that tongue of yours, and

don't let it get you into mischief again." — "Indeed it shan't, sir," he replied, as he shook my hand, the tears starting to his eyes.

You ask me if the accounts of the sufferings at Richmond have not been exaggerated. I do not believe that anywhere within the annals of civilized warfare can any thing be found more wantonly and abominably barbarous than the treatment of our men at Richmond. I will not believe, that, two months after harvest, there is any necessity for what I read at the rooms of the Sanitary Commission in a letter from Gen. Dow, or heard from these men. If they cannot give bread and clothing, they can give shelter: but even this is denied; and a slow torture is visited upon these suffering men, to which the torture of the savage is nothing. A returned surgeon at the Sanitary Rooms said he thought the rebels did as well as they could. This was the most favorable testimony. One man told me that the surgeon of his regiment, giving his name, remained on the field after the engagement (I have forgotten which), and administered to rebels as well as our men. In recognition of this, the rebel commander gave him a parole, assuring him it would be all right at Richmond. On presenting it at Richmond, the provost-marshal tore it in pieces, threw it in his face, and thrust him in prison! Another said that he saw a man on Belle Isle offer a guard five dollars for a loaf of bread. The guard refused. The man repeated the offer; and the guard raised his rifle, and deliberately blew his brains out! The men were not only covered with vermin, but said that the ground at Belle Isle was a moving mass. A man had been injured in both hands, so that he could not use them. He had a long, close beard, which he again and again begged might be cut. This was refused; and, upon his release, his face was found to be eaten to the bone! One man said to me, "When I first came here, I used to dread going to sleep, for fear I should wake up in Richmond;" while another said, that, for a long time, he felt that it was only a dream.

I have never seen happier or more grateful men, men more tenderly ministered to in every way, than these returned

prisoners. They were as fine-looking men as any I have seen. One feeling predominated, — "No more Richmond." It was battle, death, but no more imprisonment.

No hospital has pleased me more than this. Very little seems left undone. The lady-nurses are indefatigable. Before the stars go out, they are every morning about their work. They pause at nothing; while the fatigue and exposure must be very great, from the immense grounds to be traversed in all weathers, as well as from the pressure of their duties. Many of them were from Maine and Massachusetts; and it was pleasant to be with those to whom I was not wholly unknown.

More than ever am I satisfied with the care that is taken of the sick and the wounded; more than ever surprised at that stupendous work the Sanitary Commission does all over this country, without friction or jar. I saw officers, fresh from the field, each of whom had his tale of it; while one of large experience, who was on his way to the front again, having been left at Gettysburg, said, "Sir, I never heard a complaint of it from an officer in service." More than ever am I amazed at the heroism and self-devotion, not of the field merely, but of the hospital; not of the soldier only, but of those who minister to a soldier's pains. It is a new and grand developing of this grand human nature God has created in us. The war may have developed depravity we did not know, or thought had passed away; but it has also developed a good-will we did not dream to exist. The war has advanced the race. It is one of those strange agencies by which God chooses to forward his ends, — through *destruction*, *construction*; through defeat, victory; through strife, peace; through death, life. It remains only for us to be faithful; every man and woman of us to do our duty toward our country for the cause; none idle, loitering, self-indulgent, but all in some way honestly working, — and the new peace shall be at hand, and a new nation made for us, solid, enduring, ONE.

J. F. W. W.

## RENAN'S LIFE OF JESUS.\*

WE have made no attempt to read and to set down our impressions of this book, in the hope that we should soon have in our hands a copy in the original ; but the translation has so invaded shops and houses, and so taken possession even of novel-readers, that we have been compelled to yield at discretion, and take up the author, as it were, at second-hand. The translator has not done his work with entire accuracy, as one can see without recurring to his text ; but the meaning seems to be, in the main, correctly rendered, and we shall not trouble ourselves about the French : the English is quite enough for us. The importance and the interest of "the Life," as we cannot help thinking, have been immensely exaggerated. We cannot see that any addition has been made to what was already in the hands, whether of orthodox or of heterodox, with reference to the great theme. The learning of M. Renan has been celebrated as large and profound. Our reading of his "Studies in Religious History" had given us this impression ; but this work affords no sufficient proof of it. He makes important concessions to those who claim the earliest antiquity for the three first Gospels ; but, unfortunately, they are the concessions of one who has not thoroughly mastered the facts. Many a humble student of the Gospels themselves could confidently take exception to many of Renan's renderings and interpretations of the story : his knowledge of his theme is, in truth, superficial, spite of the show and the reality of scholarship. He seems actually, at times, "to have got up" the subject. What careful and habitual reader of the New Testament could possibly, to take a single example, imagine that Jesus, in saying to his disciples, "If any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother," &c., meant to urge any thing more than the necessity of loving the dearest in and for God ? And yet, writes M. Renan, "his

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demands lost all bounds. Despising the wholesome limits of human nature, he asks that men should exist only for him; that they should love him alone." What woodenness of interpretation! Again: "For a moment, Jesus thought of taking precautions, and spoke of swords. [!] There were two in the company. 'It is enough,' said he. He did not follow up that idea." The "idea" is unmistakably M. Renan's. Who does not see that the "It is enough" was an expression of his impatience at the very literalism which repeats itself in the French student? Let alone the irreverence of it, and the cruel and revolting imputation upon the characters of Jesus and his friends, what can be more *absurd* than the explanation of the miracle of the resurrection of Lazarus? When a man tells us that he cannot believe such stories, we are not accustomed to reproach him for his unbelief: we try to find some things in the Gospel which he can believe. But, when unbelief becomes thus outrageously explanatory, there is no demand for silence, however peremptory or seemingly applicable only to the most foolish talkers, that we should hesitate to press. "Hold thy tongue, then hast it a-holding!" until the spirit of foolishness has been cast out.

Renan's grave mistakes have been abundantly exposed by many able reviewers, some of whom, at least, will not be charged with writing in the interests of a stupid conservatism. We shall not try, within our narrow limits and with our unequal steps, to follow these critics. One thing has, however, so impressed itself upon us, that we must give expression to it. We have often found ourselves saying, If only this scholar would review this whole matter again, he would become a Christian. He is as serious as he knows how to be: but he does not comprehend his subject; and, as yet, the spirit of him whose life he has aimed to write has not got possession of his mind and heart. Sometimes, for brief sentences, he gets above himself. It is amazing to note how clearly he will see for a moment, how stone-blind he presently becomes! Now, for an instant, he is in sympathy with the most elevated Christian thought; and, again, he is the man of letters, looking only from the outside, and, even so, surveying only a part



of the surface. He is a beginner, without a beginner's humility; not without a beginner's conceit. He misapprehends Christ, in many particulars, as utterly as the dullest of the early disciples. He has preconceptions about miracles and the like to get rid of; his world is a very contracted world; his moral sense is very partially educated. He is insane enough to believe that the Christ whom a world reverences was partly cheated, and partly a cheat. He has "spoken a word against the Son of man;" and yet, somehow, as we read his book, we say, "It will be forgiven him" as Jesus said. He has had glimpses of the truth, even from this poor following of Christ, which will grow into visions. He has, thus far, seen through a glass darkly; yet, even so, he has written greater words than he knows: as thus, "There were then some months, perhaps a year, during which God really lived upon the earth. The voice of the young carpenter suddenly assumed extraordinary sweetness. Infinite charm exhaled from his person, and the companions of his youth no longer recognized him."

M. Renan, as we understand him, spite of his unfair and careless criticism of the Christ (to describe in the mildest possible language his deplorable offences in this way), does, nevertheless, place the Saviour at the head of our humanity. "We may call him divine in this sense, — that Jesus is that individual who has caused his species to make the greatest advance towards the divine." So far, so good. But one question more; one which concerns us all most nearly; one which moves us almost to agony sometimes, when "the divine" in us also asks, Is there a Divine, a God over all for ever blessed and helpful, whose children we are; who hears us, succors us, strengthens us with strength in our souls? Or is it true, as our author sometimes intimates, that man is at the top of creation, alone conscious, and calling in vain upon the impersonal Life, out from which he has come at last into open-eyed manhood, from blindness into vision? Is there a God whom all of us may worship? "Oh that I knew where I might find him! then would I go to his mercy-seat." Christ spake divinely, says Renan. Yes; but did

he speak from God, or from himself? Was it an illusion, that belief of his in the Father? Was it only the projection of his own being beyond himself? If he was right, and if we can know that he was right, what unspeakable comfort! Now, there is but one way to attain to this knowledge. It is not the way of what are technically called "Evidences." Christ has marked it out; Christ walked in it; Christ is that Way. If we will all take it, whether we are wise or simple, we shall reach the great conclusion; and M. Renan will neither hinder nor help us. "If any man will do the will, he shall know the doctrine, whether I AM OF GOD, or whether I speak of myself." That is what our modern world, with its pantheistic dreamers, needs more than any thing else to know.

E.

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"I WENT TO GATHER FLOWERS."

[This little poem — on a picture entitled "I went to gather Flowers," which represents a child sitting at the foot of a tree in a graveyard, weeping, a basket of flowers in her hand — was written by one who died in early manhood.]

Joyous design! why tearful at the fate  
Which led thee hither in thy search to stray?  
Is it the stern, chill contrast thou hast met, —  
Young Life 'mid Death's array?

For thou hast come where gloomily a truth  
Shall e'en in Childhood's hours the thoughts engage,  
And sad presentiment give gladsome Youth  
The pensiveness of Age.

Thy tears are sacred: beauteous tendrils bind  
Thy heart, sweet child! to God's creation fair;  
And Nature's homage to the Eternal Mind  
Hath utterance there.

Yet to thy grief my solace I would bring:  
Weep not, weep not; for thou hast gathered flowers!  
And from the grave's drear loneliness shall spring  
The soul's immortal powers.

J. W.

## LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY ON THE DESERT.

OUR party, bound for Jerusalem over the long desert, consisted of six persons, — a Scotch gentleman and his wife, a clergyman of the Church of England, a Presbyterian minister from the State of New York, and two preachers of the Unitarian denomination. We four clergymen had been members of another party, that had been sailing up and down the Nile for sixty-five days. I shall never forget the delightful Sunday services we all enjoyed, in that little cabin saloon of our good boat "Union," on every sabbath day while we voyaged the glorious old river. Representing three different denominations as we did, we yet all participated in the exercises of each service as freely, earnestly, and harmoniously as if we had belonged to one and the same sect or church. These exercises were variously distributed amongst us from Sunday to Sunday, without reference to this or that member's doctrinal belief; and we all united with each other in effectually obliterating every party name and line that might hinder our common worship together of our common Father. Presbyterian and Unitarian joined with the Episcopalian in a modified service of the Established Church; Episcopalian and Presbyterian knelt together with the Unitarian, as he led the devotional exercise, and invoked a blessing upon the little band of voyagers, and upon the two great countries which were ever in our minds; and Unitarian and Episcopalian listened with interest and profit to the readings and remarks of the Presbyterian. There seemed to be nothing wanting in this full, free communion and fellowship of soul with soul. We all felt happier and better for thus casting aside, as it were, denominational relations, ties, and prejudices, and allowing our sympathies to become enlarged, and our love to become ennobled, by this simple exercise of Christian charity. We were thus not only brought nearer to each other, but nearer to the great Master himself. We were a little church by ourselves; and were a church, we imagine, far more acceptable

to Him who is the Head, than we should have been had each one retired to his own private room, and, declining the common service, worshipped God in his own way and by himself alone.

Having returned to Cairo, we there made our preparations for our long desert tour. We were to start from that city on Monday, the 16th of February, 1863. Ere we entered upon that "great and terrible wilderness" that lay beyond us, and ere we pressed with our feet the sacred land of Palestine, we desired to partake of that simple, precious sacrament of our Lord's Supper, which had its archetype and origin in the memorial feast observed there, near where we ourselves were, by the ancient Israelites, as they, too, were to pass out of Egypt, and wander over the desert until they reached the promised Canaan.

The Church of England, to its lasting honor be it said, has established its little churches in all the great towns and cities of the Continent and the East, where Englishmen travel or reside in considerable numbers; so that in hundreds of places, far from home, it is permitted these wanderers to repair on Sunday to some neat little chapel, or convenient place of worship, and hear their own familiar service read in their own native tongue. There is a church of this kind in Cairo. Our English companion voluntarily sought an interview with its minister, and the two readily arranged for the communion service which we were all to enjoy. It was to take place at the chapel, at an early hour of the day before our departure. This was Sunday. Notice was given at the hotels, so that, in case others would like to be present and to participate, they could have the opportunity. Yet, as it was a special service, only one other attended. The four clergymen, representing three denominations very diverse in their ecclesiastical government and theological views, knelt side by side at the altar, and received together the emblems of the Saviour's body and blood from the hands of the rector and regular preacher of the church. The spirit in which all entered into the observance; the thought that we had come together thus from different, not to say hostile, sects and parties; the strange ex-

periences that so soon awaited us; and all the circumstances of the hour and the place,—combined to make the service most affecting and beautiful.

The next day we rode by railway to Suez, and in the afternoon mounted our camels, and were on our way towards Sinai. We spent several Sundays, also, on the desert; and, as we had worshipped together before in the cabin saloon of our *dahabieh*, so we worshipped together still in our tent, out there upon the great waste of sand and rock. Beneath the palms and tamarisks of Feiran, on the burning plain of Wady Ghuzaleh, by the shore of the Red Sea at Akaba, and under the shadow, as it were, of Mount Hor, we pitched our tents, and lifted up upon those desert airs the voices of prayer and the songs of praise. Unitedly we read the story of the wandering children of Israel, along whose track we ourselves were daily marching; and together we hymned the fervent supplication, —

“Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!  
Pilgrim through this barren land.”

The Sunday we spent at Akaba was rendered peculiarly sacred and solemn to us by the visit we made to the grave of Rev. Dr. Lunt of Quincy, who died there, far away from home, six years ago, while journeying across the desert to Jerusalem. Before we reached Akaba, remembering that Dr. Lunt was buried at that place, I asked Hassaneen, our dragoman, if he knew of the circumstance of his death, and where his grave might be found. I was glad to find that he knew all about the sad event, and that he would be able to conduct me to the spot where the interment took place. Hassaneen and his party were only five days behind the party with which Dr. Lunt was connected. When he reached Akaba, he learned the details of his sickness and death, and also where our revered countryman was buried. Indeed, Dr. Lunt, they told us, was the only American who ever died at Akaba. There was, accordingly, but little difficulty in ascertaining the immediate locality of his grave. Hassaneen spoke to some of the principal villagers upon the subject, and they at once conducted us all to the spot.

The Bedouin village of Akaba is quite near the head of the eastern arm of the Red Sea, and close to the shore. Just north of it, and separated from the sea by a long, narrow grove of palm-trees, is the desert cemetery, with no fence or wall to mark its boundaries, and with only a few rude monuments to tell where repose its dead. Separated at some little distance from these graves of the natives, and at the top of quite a large mound on that arid waste, was the resting-place of the eminent Christian minister who had here fallen on the way, while on his pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Standing above the centre of the mound, the natives made known to us, that just there, beneath them, was the body of our friend, although no object had been placed there over his grave to mark the spot. The readiness with which the villagers hastened thither to show us where he lay, and the concurrent testimony of Hassaneen himself, left us in no doubt that here was the sacred place we sought. We could not think of leaving Akaba without erecting some simple stone to the memory of the dead; and we therefore went into the fortress of the village to see if we could find any thing that would be suitable for such a memorial. We procured two of the best stones we could find, and had them brought down to our tent to be inscribed. We had also set some men at work to make excavations, with the view of rendering it certain that the memorial should be placed directly over the body: but finding that the excavation would have to be quite extensive, and that the work was likely to attract a large crowd of Bedouins to the spot, we ordered the men to throw back the earth; feeling sure, that, by erecting the stone over the centre of the mound, we should, at any rate, set it within a very feet of its proper place. This was on Friday.

The next day, at the door of our tent, we cut out on the larger of the two stones which we had procured the following inscription, — "W. P. Lunt, U.S.A., 1857;" each one of the four clergymen contributing his part to the simple work. Considering that the inscription had to be executed with nails and knives, we thought that its letters and figures looked very

well; and when we had blackened them with ink, and thus made them more legible, we felt quite satisfied with the result.

The following day was Sunday. After breakfast, we had the two stones carried out upon the desert burial-ground; and we all followed on to set them in their places. Digging down several feet into the sand, we laid some small stones in as a foundation for the larger ones; and over them we placed horizontally the shorter of the two we brought from the tent. Upon this we raised, in an upright position, the one which we had inscribed; and around the part of it which was to be below the level of the surface-ground above we piled a quantity of stones we gathered from the surrounding desert, and pressed hard down upon them the earth, so as to make the rude monument as firm as possible. We had provided for no additional ceremony; but as we stood quietly circling about the spot, filled with emotions not unsuited to the circumstances in which we were placed, it was grateful and touching to us to hear the subdued voice of our good Presbyterian companion break the silence with these words from Holy Writ: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit: they rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on me shall never die; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." We then withdrew from the grave, and returned to our tents; Hassaneen promising us, that, as often as he might come to Akaba, he would have a care for this humble tombstone, and would not fail to direct to it the attention of all Americans whom he might guide to Palestine by the route which we had travelled. Later in the day, we had our regular Sunday service; and closed it, as usual, with one of the many appropriate hymns with which the collection we had with us abounded:—

"Heavenly Father, to whose eye  
Future things unfolded lie,  
Through the desert where I stray,  
Let thy counsels guide my way.

Let me neither faint nor fear,  
Feeling still that thou art near,  
In the course my Saviour trod,  
Tending still to thee, my God."



The next morning we struck our tents, and were winding our way up the great Wady Arabah, towards the hill-country of Judæa.

Just before Dr. Lunt's departure from home, I received a note from him, saying that he should be obliged to give up an exchange for which we had arranged, in consequence of a sudden decision to take a vacation and go abroad; but adding, that he would renew the engagement at some future time, if Providence should spare his life. How little it occurred to me, that he was to lay down his life far away in that distant desert land! How much farther still from my mind was the thought, that I myself should, not many years afterward, stand there above his grave, and assist in erecting a stone to mark the place of his burial! and how remote from me the thought also, that it was necessary for us to wander thus away from home in order to find illustrations of Liberal Christianity, such as it is scarcely possible to meet here in our own Christian community! Verily, the desert blossomed as the rose. In that desire of the ministers of another persuasion to inscribe the tombstone of an honored defender of the Unitarian faith, in those sacred utterances made above his grave when the memorial was erected, in our united services on successive Sundays during months of travel in the East, in that commemoration of our Lord's death just before our departure from Cairo, and in many other similar acts and words, we saw exhibited on the part of our companions, whether they were Episcopalians or Presbyterians, the true spirit of Christian charity and love. However denominational ties may have hampered the minds and souls of any of our party at home, the desert certainly did something in setting us free. Its wide, illimitable expanse proved to be favorable for the realization of a *broad church*, although only two or three were gathered together as its members.

How fortunate a thing it were, if Christians were always as liberal at home as they are abroad! What a pity that at home they so often suffer church associations, sectarian sympathies and ties, and all the artificial and conventional arrangements to which they have been accustomed, to check their better



impulses, and do violence to their better natures ! There is more real Christian charity and love in the souls of Christ's disciples generally than we think. The false, external relations they sustain towards each other hide it all from the view. It needs only sometimes a change of circumstances, needs only that they should be thrown together out on some desert plain or distant river, in order that they may realize how near and dear to each other they are. Why were it not well, also, to lay aside our sectarianism, and to break loose from the bondage of creeds, while voyaging the great river of life, or while making the pilgrimage of earth ? Thrice happy are they who can rise above these false and conventional relations that war against their real nobility and peace. Blessed indeed are they who can, in one place as in another, be obedient to the higher teachings of the spirit, and true to the best promptings of the soul.

A. P. P.

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JOYFUL TESTIMONY. — "It is a cold, lifeless thing to speak of spiritual things upon mere report ; but they that speak of them as their own, as having share and interest in them, and some experience of their sweetness, their discourse of them is enlivened with firm belief and ardent affection : they cannot mention them but their hearts are straight taken with such gladness as they are forced to vent in praises."

A BISHOPRIC OFFERED TO JOHN KNOX. — John Knox might have been an English bishop, had he willed it. It is matter of history, that the offer of a diocese was made him at the special request of Edward VI., backed by his council ; and could honors and emoluments, and the favor of royalty, have biassed the reformer, Puseyism would now be looking up to him as one of her transmitters of the apostolic virtue. — *The Headship of Christ.*

THOU camest from heaven to earth, that we  
Might go from earth to heaven with thee ;  
And, though thou found'st no welcome here,  
Thou didst provide us mansions there.

## RANDOM READINGS.

## GLORIFICATION THROUGH SUFFERING.

THIS is the paradox of Christianity, that through weakness we put on divine strength; through poverty, grasp the divine riches; and through pain are borne into the fullest, sweetest experience of the divine love. This passes with very many for the talk of the pulpit, till in some rare example it stands out manifest before us. Suffering, if prolonged, has a twofold tendency. Some it makes morose, selfish, and atheistical; with others it unfolds freely and more freely the angel within, till it irradiates the poor worn bodily frame, as if the immortal life were dawning through it before death. "There are bodies celestial," says Paul. In chronic disease, we sometimes see them forming brightly and more brightly within the natural body; those waxing as this wanes toward dissolution. Since we wrote "Exaltations at the Approach of Death," we received a communication illustrating the truth, that the gradual putting-off of this vestment of mortal decay may help on mightily our spiritual renewal, albeit through chronic disease and suffering. One such example ought to teach us a divine patience; knowing that we may not only triumph over pain, but make it our ally and helper. The following description will be readily recognized by the good people of Framingham, as applying to one who not two months ago ceased to be mortal from among them at nearly threescore and ten, but who, much of that time, might say with Paul, "I die daily:"—

"For nearly thirty years she was confined almost wholly to her dwelling, with scarcely the power of locomotion, with crippled hands and perpetual ill health; yet nobly and gloriously was she upborne by faith and love. Her life was one of rare industry: all the time, while she had power, she busied herself in constant devotion to the good of all around her, making garments for poor little children, and presents of beautiful needlework to her relatives and friends; and, when she was too feeble to work any longer, she wept that her season of service was past for those whom so dearly she loved. In the beautiful autumn-hours, it was touching and helpful to hear her speak of the loveliness around she so truly felt she should never see again: then she added, "The good Father gives us all more of sunshine than of cloud all along our life, if we would but see

it. She was a constant reader : in her wheel-chair, with a little frame for her book, she read long after the power to turn the leaf was gone. Shut out from the world, she retained the innocence of a child to the last ; and was so grateful for every smile of God, every word or act of love, that her presence was an inspiration of all the beatitudes. To one who asked her, near her closing hour, if she felt prepared to die, she turned with a look of surpassing peace and power, and replied, ' Do you think I could have lived the life I have, if I were not ? ' Her home was glorified by her being, her neighborhood taught and rebuked and blessed by such a spirit, so patient, so strong, so serene, so hopeful, so cheerful, so heroic. That is the soul the Father loves, chastens, only to be made perfect."

S.

#### GARMENTS OF MOURNING.

" PUTTING on black " as signs of mourning was an essentially heathen custom, indicating the horror of death, and that all beyond the grave was a blank. Christianity abolished death, and along with it the customs of the heathen funerals, — wailing, grovelling, and sackcloth. We relapse into these customs just in the degree that we recede from the Christian faith. Mrs. Ware, in her very useful little book, " Death and Life," has some excellent remarks upon these customs : —

" The early Christians recognized the new aspect which the knowledge of immortality gave to the death of the body ; and they soon ceased to use the signs of mourning for the dead that till then had been universal. They felt that it was wrong to mourn for the dead ; and their epitaphs in the Roman catacombs still testify to the peaceful trust and the hopeful assurance that animated the minds of those who there deposited the mortal remains, often sealed with the blood of martyrdom, of those they held most dear. Among the thousands of inscriptions still to be read there, there is no allusion to be found to the grief of those who were left to perform the last offices to their friends. No inconsolable relatives immortalize their tears on those walls. The simplicity of a childlike faith, that to die here was to live in the mansions of the all-loving Father, seems to have been the abounding source whence flowed the countless phrases that speak of death as always a good, rather than evil. The bad Latin in which many of the inscriptions are couched proves that a large proportion of the dead were of the lower and little educated classes ; but all ranks seem to have been animated by the same spirit. Selfish grief finds no expression there ; and the historians tell us that all signs of mourning in dress were deemed unfitting in those who believed in the Christian immortality."

S.

## WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

## HIS INQUIRY INTO THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

BUT the father wrought out consolation for himself in his own way. A fortnight after the death of his child, he records : —

"Feb. 15, 1829. — The death of my dearest daughter on the first day of this month having made it impossible for me, at present, to resume the task of composition, I have been naturally led to more serious reflection than usual, and have occupied myself with reviewing the grounds of the decision which I made in 1819 in favor of the evidences of the Christian revelation. I have endeavored and shall endeavor to prosecute this examination with perfect impartiality, and to guard against the present state of my feelings influencing my mind any further than by leading it to give to the subject a more serious attention. And, so far, such influence must be salutary and reasonable, and far more desirable than any counter influence which might be exerted by any engrossing occupation with the cares and dissipation of the world. So far, I believe, I have conducted the matter with sober impartiality."

What he did on this subject, as on all others, he did thoroughly and carefully. His secretary read to him the principal books which it was then considered important to go through when making a fair examination of the supernatural claims of Christianity. Among them, on the one side, were Hume's "Essays," and especially the one on miracles; Gibbon's fifteenth chapter, and parts of the sixteenth; Middleton's "Free Inquiry," which, whatever were its author's real opinions, leans towards unbelief; and Soame Jenyns's somewhat easy discussion of the "Evidences," which is yet not wanting in hidden skill and acuteness. On the other hand, he took Watson's "Apology," Brown's "Lectures" (so far as they are an amplification of his admirably condensed "Essay on Cause and Effect"), several of Waterland's treatises, Butler's "Analogy," and Paley's "Evidences," with the portions of Lardner needful to explain and illustrate them. The last three works he valued more than all the others; but I think he relied mainly upon a careful reading of the four Gospels, and an especial inquiry into each one of the Saviour's miracles as related by each of the evangelists. This investigation he made with his father's assistance; and, when it was over, he said that he considered such an examination, made with an old and learned lawyer, was a sufficient pledge for the severity of his scrutiny. He might have added, that it was the safer, because the person who helped him in making it was not

only a man of uncommon fairness of mind, perspicacity, and wisdom, but one who was very cautious, and, on all matters of evidence, had a tendency to scepticism rather than credulity.

The conclusions at which he arrived were, that the narratives of the Gospels were authentic; that, after so careful an examination of them, he ought not to permit his mind to be disturbed on the same question again, unless he should be able to make an equally faithful revision of the whole subject; and that, even if Christianity were not a divine revelation, no system of morals was so likely to fit him for happiness here and hereafter. But he did not find in the Gospels, or in any part of the New Testament, the doctrines commonly accounted Orthodox; and he deliberately recorded his rejection of them. On one minor point, too, he was very explicit. He declared his purpose to avoid all habits of levity on religious topics: and to this purpose, I believe, he adhered vigorously through life; at least, I am satisfied that I never heard him use light expressions or allusions of any kind when speaking of Christianity, or when referring to the Scriptures. His mind, in fact, was reverential in its very nature; and so was his father's.

#### HIS MORAL SUPERVISION OF HIS OWN CHARACTER.

But there is another side of his character, which should not be left out of view, and yet one which I cannot approach except with misgiving: I mean that which involves the moral and religious elements of his nature. Of these, so far as a belief in Christianity is concerned, and a conscientious and repeated examination of its authority as a revelation, I have already spoken. His life too, devoted to hard labor, — often physically painful, — with the prevalent idea, not only of cultivating his own faculties and promoting his own improvement, but of fulfilling his duties towards his fellow-men, was necessarily one of constant, careful discipline. But behind all this, and deeper than all this, lay, as its foundation, his watchfulness over his moral and religious character, its weaknesses and its temptations.

With these he dealt to a remarkable degree in the same way, and on the same system, which he applied to his physical health and his intellectual culture. He made a record of every thing that was amiss, and examined and considered and studied that record constantly and conscientiously. It was written on separate slips of paper, done always with his own hand, seen only by his own eye. These slips he preserved in a large envelope, and kept them

in the most reserved and private manner. From time to time, when his sight permitted, — and generally on Sunday, after returning from the morning service, — he took them out, and looked them over one by one. If any habitual fault were, as he thought, eradicated, he destroyed the record of it; if a new one had appeared, he entered it on its separate slip, and placed it with the rest for future warning and reproof. This habit, known only to the innermost circle of those who lived around his heart, was persevered in to the last. After his death, the envelope was found, marked, as it was known that it would be, "To be burnt." And it *was* burnt. No record, therefore, remains on earth of this remarkable self-discipline; but it remains in the memory of his beautiful and pure life, and in the books that shall be opened at the great day when the thoughts of all hearts shall be made manifest. — *Tickenor's Life*.

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#### THE ORTHODOX DILEMMA.

THE Orthodoxy of the present day posits itself mainly on its doctrine of the Atonement as the prime essential of salvation. Said a venerable divine to us a short time since, "I don't see how any man can get to heaven without believing it." Now, every scholar knows that the ancient theory was totally unlike the modern, and laid the main stress of the Atonement on the fact, that Christ descended into Hades and overthrew Satan, or paid a price to him which cancelled his claims. Rev. Charles Beecher drives the exclusive Orthodoxy of the day upon this wonderfully sharp dilemma. "If a belief in a theory of Atonement be made essential to salvation, we fall into a dilemma. Here is a theory (the ancient), held by the Church for a thousand years, about which the Church now knows nothing. And again: the Church, for more than six hundred years, has held a theory of Atonement about which the ancient Church knew nothing. Now, if one of these theories be true, the other is false, and *vice versa*; and, if a belief of the true is essential to salvation, the belief of the false must be fatal. Hence we have our choice of alternatives. If the modern theory of Atonement be true, the whole ancient Church for more than ten centuries is lost; and, if the ancient theory be true, then the whole modern Church is lost."

## THOMAS CARLYLE.

WE rejoice that the Pantheistic cultus has at length got a thoroughly consistent exemplification in this scoffer at the rights of man and the laws of God. In his earlier writings, especially his article on Burns and his "Sartor Resartus," there is a use of words which in common apprehension represent moral distinctions, and imply moral responsibility. In hero-worship, it begins to appear that inspiration, whether from God or the Devil, is all the same thing; since those two terms are alike mythical, and one as sacred as the other. In the "Life of Frederick the Great," this is more fully manifest, and the hideous atheism and the fraternization with scoundrelism are poorly concealed in the wordy phantasmagoria which he tries to play off upon his readers. Between slave-labor and free-labor he sees no moral difference; though he knows very well, that, under the former, women are degraded into breeding animals, and planters sell their own children at auction. In the New-York riots, Governor Seymour's "friends and immediate constituents" carried out the doctrine of Judge Taney — that negroes "have no rights which white men are bound to respect" — by burning asylums, and snatching babes from the arms of their mothers, and rending them limb from limb. Thomas Carlyle looks on, and calls it a "hideous joke." These are exactly such jokes as his morality, and that of Satan, his favorite model, have for their appropriate ultimatum. It is said that incendiaries always run, and bawl "Fire!" and try to put it out. Mr. Carlyle has spent his life denouncing shams; not seeing that the most stupendous sham imaginable is he from the core of whose being the Divine and the human have both emptied themselves so entirely, that he stands the negation of both, — a hideous Egoism, into which no throbs from either can find way, — and that such a sham pre-eminently is Thomas Carlyle. "That which shows God out of me," says Emerson, "makes me a wart and a wen." These show both God and humanity "out of" Thomas Carlyle, the biggest wen on the nineteenth century. s.

## SCOTCH METAPHYSICIANS.

SCOTLAND has been exceedingly prolific in metaphysicians; and a Scotchman's definition of a metaphysician could not be better applied than to some of them, especially those of the latest school: "It is ane mon expleening to anither what he dinna weel understand himsel'."



## THE NEW JERUSALEM DESCENDING.

REV. B. F. BARRETT concludes his letter to Dr. Thomas Worcester in this elevated strain. After describing a hard personal experience from petty persecution for opinion's sake on minor points and from sectarian exclusiveness, he says,—

"Yet, for all this, my belief in that New Jerusalem, whose descent from the celestial realms, arrayed in bridal robes, is foretold in the Apocalypse, has suffered no eclipse, nor is it in any degree disturbed. I never enjoyed a more serene and unwavering faith in the New Dispensation than at the present time. I never saw the Holy City coming down from God out of heaven with more unclouded vision than I see it now. But the New Jerusalem that is bursting on my view is quite another than that which you behold. It is not a new sect,—a new church-organization, with new formulas, a new ritual, new ordinances, and a new priesthood,—more exclusive, too, in its practices, and more sectarian in its spirit, than the sects which have gone before. By no means. It is the new and higher views of religious truth which I see dawning on all humble and waiting minds, and diffusing themselves throughout all the churches. It is the new light and the new life which I see descending into the heart of humanity; the new light and life which I see descending into existing institutions, revealing whatever of rottenness or wrong there is in their foundations, and conserving whatever there is of eternal truth and equity; descending into science, utilizing and humanizing it; descending into literature, purifying and refining it; descending into art, exalting and ennobling it; descending into politics, remoulding governments into freer and more popular forms; descending into the churches, uprooting there old prejudices, and exposing and driving out old errors; introducing a larger toleration; begetting a gentler, sweeter, and more benignant spirit; and impressing the conviction more and more strongly upon all good men, that the various Christian sects are but the diverse members of one body, whose soul and inspiration and illumination is the Lord Jesus Christ.

"It is thus that I behold the New Jerusalem 'descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God;' not as a new sect, but as a new light dawning, and a new light pulsating in all the sects; not as a new religious organization, but as a fresh outpouring of the Spirit into those already existing: and, in this view, I find unspeakable satisfaction and comfort. It is not difficult for me, therefore, to be reconciled to what I might otherwise have felt to be a hard experience. For while seeing myself rudely and uncharitably thrust out of the little body over which you have so long presided, and which you vainly imagine to be the New Jerusalem of the Apocalypse, I still rejoice to see and feel myself in communion with a broader, freer, and more majestic New Jerusalem, over which you have never had the honor to preside, and from whose sacred enclosure neither you nor your Convention have the power to exclude me."



## OUR WAR: THE END SURE.

EVERY thing that I have seen makes me sure that the cause of the North will triumph. It is the cause of God and of mankind. There is inherent in Southern society, and in the machinery in motion to accomplish the desired result, the prophecy of failure. No people ever disturbed a nation with so little cause. No people ever resorted to so many artifices to support their alleged rights. I feel hopeful that the beginning of the end is at hand. The Confederacy is pretty well worn out. It is now clearly enough proved that the heart of the people is being gradually loosened from the influence of the large land-owners and the politicians, and will be ready in good time to open itself to a holier reverence for the old flag, outside whose benignant shadow it has never known peace or joy.

Let but the North be still a unit, a magnificent unit; let it be patient a little longer; let it keep up its faith in the Providence that is leading us through this struggle; let it demand that all its ministers of vengeance shall act with promptness and energy, not seeking to conciliate, but determined to conquer; let it pour out its wealth a little longer, and tell its sons to tarry yet a little while on the bloody field; let, in one word, the whole North act with decision, and a firm, unwavering belief in the ultimate triumph of republicanism,—and the clouds will be sure to roll away; the good old flag, the flag of Washington and of liberty, covered with powder and glory, will wave proudly over a people who have been tried with fire and the sword, and found faithful.—*George H. Hepworth.*

## IMPOSSIBLE TO GO TO HEAVEN ALONE.

JOHN WESLEY, during his rural retirement at Epworth, had yielded still more to his mystical tendencies under the influence of à Kempis and Law. The turning-point which was to fit or unfit him for the task of his life had not yet been passed. He had desired at one time to try the tranquil life of the Catholic recluses: "it was the decided temper of his soul," he said. Seclusion from the world, for at least some months, might, he hoped, settle his thoughts and habits. A school in one of the "Yorkshire dales" was proposed. His wiser mother again stepped in to save him for his appointed career, prophetically intimating that God had better for him to do. He tells us himself, that, before his re-

turn to the university, he travelled some miles to see a "serious man." "Sir," said this person, as if inspired at the right moment with the right word for the man of Providence standing before him, — "sir, you wish to serve God and go to heaven. Remember, you cannot serve him alone; you must therefore *find* companions, or *make* them: the Bible knows nothing of solitary religion." Wesley never forgot these words. They perhaps forecast the history of his life. On reaching Oxford, he found "companions" already prepared for him by his brother's agency. — *History of Methodism: Dr. Abel Stevens.*

### THRILLING SCENE UPON THE MISSISSIPPI.

ONE of the young heroes of the 35th Mass. Regiment writes home, describing a scene on the Mississippi, near Cairo, which made him take a new vow of consecration to the good cause: —

"We had not gone far before our eyes met one of the most harrowing sights that could be imagined. Huddled together upon the levee, just as they had been landed that morning, were a hundred and fifty women and children. A little inquiry told us that they were Union refugees from Alabama and Tennessee. Collecting the little baggage that the rapacious vengeance of the rebels had left them, they had left their homes, and had succeeded in making their way north amid uncommon suffering and peril. They were now to be sent to Central Illinois, where Government had furnished them with a temporary home until they could return to their own States. Words fail me to describe adequately their miserable condition and their suffering. I wish that every copperhead, every clandestine traitor, could be forced to witness that spectacle as I witnessed it that sabbath morning. The aged grandmother was there, rocking to and fro in her seat, hardly life enough left in her poor old frame to enable her to realize the suffering. Beside her sat her daughter nursing her child, whose fevered face, and rapid, forced breathing, told of a deliverer near at hand. Here was a young woman whose untold suffering had so enfeebled her, that she could not walk without aid. There lay a little boy, the hope of his mother: that hope was soon to be blighted. As I walked through that miserable crowd, and listened with eager interest to their tales of woe, — how their sons and husbands and fathers, inspired with a fervent love of the old Union, had escaped the reign of terror and tyranny that intralled them by fleeing to the mountains, or, making their way through the Union lines, had enlisted in our ranks; how the rebels, in return, had plundered their homes, taking from them their only means of sustenance; and how at last they had been driven from their homes by the rapacity of their merciless persecutors or the fear of starvation, — I thought how little, how very little, the people of the North realize how great a calamity war is; and I silently and solemnly vowed in that presence, never again to think of peace until this Rebellion has met its merited reward."

## GOOD OLD CATHOLIC TIMES.

THE abuses of saints' days, of which Huss complained in his sermons, were by no means exaggerated. The evil throughout Christendom had grown to an enormous magnitude. Almost at the same time that Huss was calling for a reform at Prague, Clemengis, studying the Scriptures at Langres, had his attention forcibly drawn to the same subject. The ex-rector of the University of Paris is not one whit behind the ex-rector of the University of Prague in the severity of his rebuke. "From sunrise to midnight they (the multitude) loiter, swear, blaspheme, curse God and all the saints, shouting, disputing, quarrelling. With their clamor, tumult, and excess, they seem to rave like madmen. They strive to see who can drink the most, pledge one another in their cups, become drunk, and fall to violence and bloodshed. Passions are roused, threats uttered, injuries inflicted. The wretched criminals are brought before the courts, found guilty, and fined so heavily, that the loss of one day cannot be made good by a month's labor. — *Gillett's Life and Times of John Huss.*

## A PICTURE-SERMON.

WICKLIFFE's writings had been condemned in 1403. In the following year, two learned Englishmen, James and Conrad of Canterbury, came to Prague, and became members of the University. From policy, it may be, or under fear produced by the sentence of condemnation, they spoke but little of Wickliffe, while they maintained some of his most objectionable doctrines in public thesis before the University.

Among the questions they discussed were these, — whether the pope is possessed of more power than any ordinary priest; whether the bread which he blesses in the mass has any more efficacy than when blessed by any other priest. They professed it as their purpose, in these discussions, only to settle more firmly their attachment to the faith. Yet silence was imposed upon them, and they were compelled to spread their views in secret: even thus many of the teachers of the University were found ranged upon their side. The method which they were driven to adopt to maintain their views was certainly one more effective with the populace than public disputation. The name of their host was Luke Welensky. They gained his consent to their spreading a painting

on the walls of a room in his house, in the outskirts of Prague. That picture was, in fact, the contrast of a pure with a corrupt Christianity, and spoke its lessons to every eye. It could be comprehended at a glance. Men crowded to see it, and heard a sermon while they gazed in silence and made their own comments. On one side of the picture was Christ, in his humble entrance into Jerusalem, seated upon an ass, while the people and children surrounded him, casting olive-leaves and branches in his way; and his disciples, with their feet bare, followed after.

On the other side was pictured the procession of the pope, mounted on a large charger, which was covered with ornaments of gold, silver, and precious stones; while soldiers with drums and trumpets, spears and halberds, were in attendance; and behind followed the cardinals, mounted on horses in golden trappings. It was a pictured sermon. Huss spoke of it approvingly from the pulpit as the true antithetical representation of Christ and Antichrist. — *Id.*

#### MARTYRDOM OF JEROME OF PRAGUE.

WHEN the fagots had been piled to a level with his head, his garments were thrown upon them, and fire was applied by a lighted torch. But the executioner who bore the torch approached from behind, unwilling to be seen. "Come forward boldly," said Jerome: "apply the fire before my face. Had I been afraid, I should not have been here." As the flames began to spread, he exclaimed aloud, "Into thy hands, O Lord! I commit my spirit." When the fire began to penetrate to his flesh, he prayed again, "O Lord God, Almighty Father! have compassion on me, and forgive my sins. Thou knowest that I have ever delighted in thy truth." His voice was now lost, for the smoke and flame had become suffocating; but, though no words were heard, all could see, by the motion of the lips, that he was still engaged in prayer. The agony of his martyrdom was protracted: it was unusually long before life was extinct. Blisters of water of the size of an egg might be seen over his whole body. "One might have gone," says a spectator, "from the St. Clement Church at Prague to the bridge over the Moldau, before he ceased to breathe."

At last, all that belonged to him — his bed, cap, clothing, shoes, and whatever he had with him in prison — was brought, and

thrown upon the blazing pile, to be consumed with him. His ashes, like those of Huss, were carefully gathered up, borne away, and cast into the Rhine. The council were apprehensive lest some fragment or relic of their victim should find its way back to Prague, and be cherished as the memorial of a condemned heretic. The least particle that could be associated with the names of either of the sufferers was sought out, and carefully burned, lest it should become an object of veneration. But all their precautions were vain. The soil which their dying feet had pressed — in lack of other objects — became the prized memorial, and was borne to Prague to be guarded with religious care. But more than the portraits even of the departed was the image of themselves which these men had enstamped upon the minds and hearts of their countrymen. When the last surviving member of the council that sentenced them to execution should have been laid in his grave, the memory of these two Bohemian martyrs would still bloom fresh and green upon their natal soil. — *Id.*

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#### BRAVERY OF HUSS AND JEROME.

"THEY went," said Æneas Sylvius, who afterward filled the Papal chair, and who knew all the circumstances of the execution of Huss and Jerome, — "they went to their punishment as to a feast. Not a word escaped them which gave indication of the least weakness. In the midst of the flames, they sang hymns uninterruptedly to their last breath. No philosopher ever suffered death with such constancy as they endured the flames." — *Id.*

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#### CHRISTIANITY IS SPIRITUAL LIFE.

"METHODISM reverted, in fine, the usual policy of religious sects, who seek to sustain their spiritual life by their orthodoxy: it has sustained its orthodoxy by devoting its chief care to its spiritual life; and for more than a century has had no serious outbreaks of heresy, notwithstanding the masses of untrained minds gathered within its pale, and the general lack of preparatory education among its clergy. No other modern religious body affords a parallel to it in this respect."

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Redeemer and Redeemed. An Investigation of the Atonement and of Eternal Judgment.* By CHARLES BEECHER, of Georgetown, Mass. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Very earnest and glowing piety is combined in this book with most audacious speculation. Three Orthodox theories of the atonement are stated and rejected,—that of the ancient Church, which taught that it consisted in demolishing Satan in Hades; that of the mediæval and modern Church, that it consists in providing a substituted victim to satisfy the divine law; that of the New-England divines, that it is mainly an exhibition of God's anger, and hatred of sin. Mr. Beecher builds a new theory, wherein he combines some of the provisions of the other three, and in which his notion of pre-existence has an important place. He believes that Christ existed in his human nature before the incarnation; that Satan and his angels were cast down from heaven, not before man was created, as Milton says, but by Christ after his death and ascension. His expositions of Scripture are sometimes ingenious, sometimes fantastic, and sometimes plausible; his spirit generous, genial, and devout; his book readable and interesting from the very boldness of his flights, and the evidence of a strong and earnest mind struggling towards light,—passing through the doors, if they are open; but, if not, scaling the walls. s.

*Death and Life.* By MARY G. WARE, author of "Elements of Character," and "Thoughts in my Garden." Boston: William Carter & Brother.—Mrs. Ware dedicates her book "To the army of mourners whose tears are the price of our national existence." It consists of seven different essays; the first two of which, "Death and Life" and "Mourning for the Dead," are written more specially for the bereaved. All of them have Mrs. Ware's clear and compact style; and her little book of one hundred and seventy-four pages has more of thought, suggestion, and urgency towards a regenerate life, than we often find in twice the same compass. s.

*The Unfinished Volume. Jerry; or, The Sailor Boy Ashore.* Being the seventh—a fragment in the series—of the "Aimwell Stories." By WALTER AIMWELL. To which is added a Memoir of the Author, with a Likeness. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—A sad

interest attaches to this little book. It contains the author's last story, and other hands have appended the tribute of love to his memory. It will be found very serviceable in both its parts, and not the least in the record of young Simond's youth and early manhood, and timely consecration to our Lord and Master. E.

*Soundings from the Atlantic.* By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. — Nine articles from the "Atlantic" appear in this volume; among which "My Hunt after the Captain," "Sun-painting and Sun-sculpture," "Doings of the Sunbeam," will be sure of a reperusal. Added to the "Soundings," we have the "Inevitable Trial;" under which title, Mr. Holmes reproduces his Fourth-of-July Oration, one of the most eloquent and timely utterances which the Fourth of July has produced. S.

*The Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus.* Translated by GEORGE LANG. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. — Henceforth we can have at hand a book which we shall place by the side of St. Augustine's "Confessions," Luther's "Table-talk," "Theologica Germanica," and "Thomas à Kempis," near the study-table. It is a *Gentile's* contribution to severe meditation. Yet he also received the Word, and was thereby made a son of God and a true teacher of mankind. E.

*Spectacles for Young Eyes.* Moscow. By SARAH W. LANDER. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Company, 245, Washington Street. 1864. — A book that the young people will seize and devour, almost, alas! at a sitting. E.

#### PERIODICALS.

*The North-American Review* commenced the new year with a new volume and new editors, — Prof. JAMES R. LOWELL and CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, Esq. It shows this table of contents: Ticknor's Life of Prescott, the Bible and Slavery, the Ambulance System, the Bibliotheca Sacra, Immorality in Politics, the Early Life of Governor Winthrop, the Sanitary Commission, Renan's Life of Jesus, the President's Policy, Critical Notices. The questions of the day pertaining to our troubled national affairs are handled with exceeding ability and in a hopeful spirit. Critical notices are unflinchingly judicial, and in the interest of the soundest learning and good morals. Gillett's "Life and Times of John Huss" is unmercifully condemned, with too little allowance towards the popular merits of the work.



*The Universalist Quarterly* also starts anew, under the editorial charge of Mr. THOMAS B. THAYER. It sets forth the denominational life and doctrines very forcibly, and in a genial and charitable temper.

*The Christian Register* also began the year with a new editor, — Rev. SOLON BUSH; and a list of able, regular contributors. The freshness, breadth, and vigor of its editorials are immediately apparent. Unitarians are wretchedly remiss in supporting their periodicals. They ought to be ashamed, with the new effort and auspices of the *Register*, not to give it a fair field, with at least ten thousand subscribers. S.

#### CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

*The Sisters Abroad, or An Italian Journey*, by BARBARA H. CHANNING, published by Crosby & Nichols, is a book of travels pleasantly described for young people.

*In School and Out; or, The Conquest of Richard Grant*. By OLIVER OPTIC. Published by Lee & Shepard. A young critic at our elbow, just emerging from its contents, calls it "first-rate." It does not merely interest: the moral lesson is excellent.

*Contraband Christmas*, by E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, illustrated by Hoppin, is a Christmas-story, good at any time.

*Hand Shadow Stones*. Boston: Taggard & Thompson, 29, Cornhill. *Robert Merry's Third Book of Puzzles*. Sold by Taggard and Thompson, 29, Cornhill. — Two very entertaining books for the little folks.

*Rich and Humble; or, The Mission of Bertha Grant: a Story for Young People*. By OLIVER OPTIC, author of the "Boat Club," &c., &c. Boston: Lee & Shepard, successors to Phillips, Sampson, & Company. 1864. — The name of Oliver Optic always arrests the attention of children; and, as they read, they are not disappointed. This story is specially intended for girls; but, as the author with good reason ventures to hope, the boys will not allow it to remain unread. E.

*Little Anna: a Story for Pleasant Little Children*. By A. STEIN. Translated from the German. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. — This is an exceedingly "pleasant little" book, written in a style pure and simple. It will soothe instead of exciting, and will be a great favorite with the small people. The print is very clear, and the book of a most convenient form. If we had more such quiet and quieting little volumes, it would be better for the overwrought brains of the children.